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CHILDREN OF THE FATHER

FRANCES M. DADMUN

Harvard Divinity School

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THE BEACON PRESS PUBLICATIONS
IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

THE NEW BEACON COURSE
OF GRADED LESSONS

William I. Lawrance
Florence Buck
EDITORS.

CHILDREN OF THE FATHER

THEME

I have written unto you, little children, because ye know the Father.

I John 2:13.

CHILDREN OF THE FATHER

A Manual for the Religious Instruction of Children of Primary Grade

PREPARED ESPECIALLY FOR PUPILS
EIGHT YEARS OF AGE

By FRANCES M. DADMUN, A. M.

THE BEACON PRESS
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PREFACE

THIS volume is intended for the instruction of pupils eight years of age, and should follow the manual entitled "Living Together," prepared by the same author for children of seven. These two books, together with a third for the age of six which is soon to appear, may be used with pupils of the Primary Department in any desired order. The editors believe, however, that the best results will be secured when each is used in the order indicated and for the age for which it is prepared.

It will be noted as these manuals in The Beacon Course appear, that with the advance of the pupil in years the lessons are taken from the Bible in increasing numbers. As the children grow older the Biblical material is more likely to become a permanent part of their mental and spiritual equipment. Through the use of separate stories and passages adapted to their present capacities and need, they are being prepared for that connected study of the Bible which begins a little later in the course. In the meantime they are having ethical principles and spiritual influences brought to bear upon their developing lives at the most receptive period. Stories from other sources have been added to the Bible material, in order that they may be taught in early years the universality of God's providence, authority and revelation.

The hand-work offered is varied from lesson to lesson, so as to keep the interest constantly quickened; it is artistic, in order that from the first children may be given high standards; and it is in every case directly

related to the lesson, so as to reinforce the teaching. The effort is made to keep it within the capacity of the pupil of eight, having in mind the fact that ability to do hand-work grows from week to week with practice and with the development of the child. The home-work offered, if faithfully carried out, will extend the child's instruction in religion, unite the school and the home in a worthy task, and emphasize in the child's mind the universal need and the immediate application of the Sunday teaching.

The Beacon Course in Religious Education is planned to furnish a separate manual for each age from four to twenty-one. It presupposes the acceptance of the results of modern scholarship, and aims to promote clear and rational ideas, right impulses, and a keen appreciation of our religious heritage. It seeks to train pupils to a whole-hearted consecration to great ideals, and to inspire them to devoted service. These purposes have dominated both its inception and its development.

This volume, with others already published or soon to appear, will indicate clearly the ideas that are shaping the Beacon Course and the ideals that animate it. The moral and spiritual welfare of the pupil has been kept constantly in mind. Materials have been chosen and methods adopted solely for their efficiency in promoting this high end. Much as we desire that those who are taught from these books shall be furnished thereby with greater knowledge and clearer ideas, we wish even more that perceptions of right and wrong may become increasingly clear that moral purposes shall be strengthened, and that reverance for all that is sacred shall become the instinctive response of the soul.

THE EDITORS.

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THE PURPOSE OF THE COURSE

In this book are brought together stories of men and women and little children whose relations with their Father God appeal to the understanding of the eight-year-old pupil and give meaning of religious or ethical import to the experiences of his own life.

The first thing to do, therefore, in teaching this course, is to secure the pupil's sympathy for the person about whom the story is told. Let him follow so closely the experiences of the hero that they may add to and enrich his own personal experiences. For while we learn from the Law of Apperception that we may reach a child only by appealing to him through such experiences as are personal, we must not think that these are limited to the actual events of his own little life,— to the morning sunshine, the breakfast table, and the road to school. His world is far wider than this, especially if you tell him stories. His imagination helps him to experience a great deal by proxy, and it is our privilege, in religious education, to select stories which will give him concepts of those things in life which are pure and true, lovely and of good report. Nor must we think that the person whose beautiful adventures will appeal to his imagination should be a child in years. "I draw no distinction," said Aristotle, "between young in years and young in disposition." No more does the child. It is the motive which counts. If it be pure as are the pure in heart, single-minded and direct as youth, and inspired by the courage that thinks not of dis-

appointment, what matters it whether the hero be eight or eighty?

Do not think, then, that because these "Children of the Father" are not all of the primary department that their stories are beyond the understanding of the pupils you are teaching. Consider, rather, the qualities which make the prophet Samuel as much a child of the Father as the little boy who served in the temple. So picture him that your pupils will think of Samuel as a friend whom they have known, and whom they long to imitate, not only hearing God's word themselves, but serving him all through that wonder-bringing future which stretches out before them. Thus you accomplish the didactic aim of these lessons, which is to strengthen the conception of the Father which the children already possess—"I have written unto you, little children, because ye *know* the Father"—, and to make their love of God an inspiration for right conduct.

Since children of eight have specific ethical needs, the lesson subjects have been selected with these requirements in mind. Ideals of conduct and of service—obedience, perseverance, courage—occur throughout the course, like the threads of the woven cord which holds the beads together; but like the cord, these ideals are not conspicuous. They have not been made the subject of groups for special study. In life we do not practice obedience for one month, and perseverance for another. Occasions for exercising these virtues come without order, usually unexpectedly, and the practice of one virtue is apt to involve another. So is it in these stories of life. Opportunities for teaching lessons in right conduct repeat themselves, and the ethical cord is no less present for not being visible.

The course is divided into five groups, adaptable to the calendar of the school which uses the lessons.

Each group, like each lesson, has its purpose stated; but the teacher is asked to remember, that whatever the specific purpose may be, of group or lesson, her aim throughout is to develop the character and enlarge the ideals of her pupils through their love of God and their sympathy with other children of the Father.

THE CHILD OF EIGHT

THE child of eight is more of a problem than the child of seven. A simple truth, this; and yet one easily overlooked. The small Sunday school frequently finds it convenient to group pupils of seven and eight in one class. Psychologically, they are so much alike that the same traits are assigned to both in a single chapter.

But life, unlike the text-book, does not confine itself to chapters. It is not static; it is constantly growing. The plant in your window to-day is not what it was yesterday. It may look the same; but a closer examination will show you new shoots which will change its form considerably when they develop.

So is it with the child. Look at him on his eighth birthday, measuring his height against the wall to see how much he has grown since yesterday. You smile at his surprise and chagrin; but the boy is right and you are wrong. The marks on the wall do not tell everything. It is true, the qualities of character belonging to the child of seven, which we arrange so neatly in our note-books, are still present in the child of eight. "The heart is relatively weak for the size of the body, resulting in easy fatigue,"—that means patience. Yes, and now it means more patience, for both body and mind are increasingly active. Conscious of his eight years, the boy will wish to do more to-day than he did yesterday. Again, "He has a tendency to imitate the people he admires." Many children never outgrow this tendency, but the eight-year-old boy is less willing to let you know that his conduct is affected by admiration;

he thinks it isn't quite manly to be openly dependent upon other people. This means not only patience on your part, but tact, the power not to *seem* to lead, ability to put yourself in the background while you suggest the ideas to be admired so adroitly that the child thinks he has discovered them for himself. More than this, you knew last year that you must distinguish between fact and fancy between the imaginary world and literal truth. This year, you must be still more careful, for the real world is now very real indeed, and the child more than ever keen to detect confusion between it and he world of imagination. A clumsy treatment of symbolic stories might result in scorn and distrust. On the other hand, the growing mind is more than ever appreciative of really beautiful imaginative stories. Think how children love the King Arthur tales; consider that many Bible stories are quite as appealing to the love of great deeds. This sense of appreciation is all to your advantage. It is also an advantage that the child of eight is more ready to discuss for himself simple problems of conduct suggested by the lesson-story. See to it that the problems remain simple—this part is supremely yours, to keep the class on safe ground; but let him raise questions himself. He will get far more from the discussion if the contributions to it are his own.

Again, he still has perfect confidence in the existing order of things, but he does not always show the same delightful confidence in you,—not because he distrusts you, but because he thinks himself more self-sufficient. He no longer walks beside you, with his hand in yours; he runs ahead. Yet he is ready and eager to come back and tell you of his fresh discoveries, and then is the time when he is really showing a beautiful confidence which you will receive heartily.

This confidence extends to his conception of God. He feels no awe, and consequently little of what we call reverence; but his trust in the Father is of a nature to put us older ones to shame,—we who have lost our way and found it again only by groping.

A teacher told a class of boys, eight years old and over, the story of two children who lost their way in the woods. They wandered about until they lost their courage completely. At last, one of them kneeled down under a great oak, and asked God to show him the way home. After his little prayer had been said, he saw that the sun was going down, and all at once, he remembered that it set behind their house, for his father and mother sat on the back piazza at night to watch the beautiful sky. So he took his little sister's hand and led her toward the sunset, and in a few minutes the trees were less dense and opened to show the long-sought farm-house. They had been very near home without knowing it.

"Now," said the teacher in conclusion, "it was the boy's common-sense which told him the way out of the wood; but who gave him the common-sense?"

That class of boys—matter-of-fact little boys, not dreamers, but with common-sense in every line of their sturdy faces—looked at the teacher in surprise at such a simple question.

"Who gave him the common-sense? Why, God, of course!"

"Of course." That is what we must remember in bringing to children this book about Children of the Father. We need not teach them that they too are the Father's children. If this were to be, the pupils themselves would be the better teachers. But since God is our Father, we must so live as to be worthy of him. And to show children the way of life, we must

know where their tendencies are leading them. The child of eight is not the same as the child of seven; what will he be next year, and the year after?

It is for the student of child-nature to consider the future as well as the present meaning of psychological traits. For example, every human being has the instinct of self-preservation, good and necessary in its place. We see people now and then, not children, who have not enough of it and we long to help them. But unrestrained, this instinct will develop into selfishness, leading to envy, a carping criticism of others, and a perverted sense of justice. It is a straight road to destruction. On the other hand, every normal child born into a civilized community, early develops a sense of right and wrong. Over-developed, this means a torturing conscience and a mind occupied with trifles; properly guided, it leads to justice, sympathy, generosity, unselfishness.

So with the other budding qualities of childhood, we must consider their future, so that those productive of good may have a chance to grow, while those containing the elements of danger may gradually die out or be turned to useful purposes. The responsibility is great, "God has no other hands but ours"—but greater still, is the privilege of doing the Father's work for the youngest of his children.

PREPARING THE LESSON

In this age of enlightened Sunday-school teaching, it may seem superfluous to emphasize the importance of preparing the lesson. Every teacher knows that she cannot go to class unprepared. If she has ever tried it, she understands quite completely the meaning of the term "wasted time."

It is not need of preparation I would speak of here, but of adequate preparation. The range of inadequacy extends a long way, from the teacher who leaves preparation to the last half hour (or less), to the conscientious soul who can never be satisfied because we never do attain our ideals in this world. We all of us belong somewhere along this range; and there is no one who is earnestly working for greater efficiency who cannot be helped by consideration of the aim of preparedness in teaching, and better methods for attaining it.

The first pitfall for most of us is in not beginning the work of preparation early enough. The successful teacher will know the plan and purpose of the year's work before she starts to teach her first lesson. In this course on "Children of the Father," she should at least know the lessons of each group, and how she may best adapt them to the calendar of the school in which she is teaching. In constructing the groups, the lessons have not been tossed in, hit or miss; they are related, each in its own place. To carelessly change the order means to decrease the value of the lesson. Neither should you who teach blindly follow the prescribed order without challenging the author's thought.

Why does the line of division come where you find it? Why is a certain subject chosen instead of another for carrying out the purpose? Asking such questions will enable you to think with the author, instead of holding her at arm's length, as you might a casual acquaintance, whom you don't care to know very intimately.

Knowledge of the whole course simplifies very much the preparation of the single lesson; but here too we should begin early. I would suggest that you begin this Sunday, afternoon or evening, to prepare the lesson for next Sunday. Otherwise it will be Saturday night or Sunday morning before you know it. Begin quite soon after the last lesson is finished, when you are in the spirit of teaching. If it has been a good lesson, you are more than ready to do it again. If it has not been quite as successful as you could wish, you see where you could improve next time. It is like answering letters. We all know that if we could answer a friend's letter as soon as we receive it, we should have a better chance of expressing ourselves to that friend,—much better than when we sit down one, two, three weeks later, take our pens, and gaze thoughtfully out of the window. To begin your preparation when you are spiritually charged means a lesson better taught, a happier teacher—the glow of satisfaction over beginning so early is well worth the experience—and less expenditure of energy, an advantage which should appeal especially to Americans, whose great problem is still "How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day."

The saving of energy is not only valuable for purposes of economy, but interesting from the point of view of psychology. You need not spend many minutes in this first period of preparation,—half an hour will suffice. Yet by doing this, you are letting

in eternity. For the thoughts set in motion during that first half hour exist all the week below the surface of consciousness, and when you finally sit down, on Saturday evening, let us say, to plan the presentation of your lesson, something has happened without any apparent effort on your part. Those thoughts have gathered new material, as sea-weed, floating under water, gathers other floating particles; except that the thought in the sub-conscious mind attracts what will increase its value. It will, of course, help, if during the week you supply your submerged ideas with proper nourishment. There are intervals in the lives of the busiest of us, when we wait for trains, or cling to a strap in a trolley car, or wonder why the kettle doesn't boil. Just a moment's thought on next Sunday's lesson might throw light on some phase of it.

The first early period of preparation may be very short indeed. All you need do is to determine subject, purpose, and the general character of the teaching material. Read the story through, to see how it expresses the purpose of the lesson. Ask yourself if the suggestions given in the Approach are adaptable to your class. If you are teaching Lesson 14, for example, and live in a part of the country where snow never falls, you cannot use the snow-balling illustration; you must find another which contains the same idea. The best material for introducing the story is that gathered by the teacher herself from the lives of her pupils,—what they learn in school during the week, what games they play, their special tastes or interests, the traditions of their parents. Think about it in your intervals of waiting. Gather what you can, from every possible source, for the enrichment of your lesson.

When the end of the week comes, sit down with your store and select the best, holding what is left in

reserve, in case of accident. Then consider the story. If it is one which your pupils are likely to know already, outline it and reduce it to questions. Let them tell it if possible, but be prepared to keep events in their logical order, leading to a conclusion which will express the lesson-purpose. If you are to tell the story yourself, know it without book. See it as if it were before you on the stage; feel the action; repeat the conversation as if you were on the stage yourself. And never forget your class; let them be always with you, in your quiet room, as they will be under the church roof.

Finally, consider whether a few questions, a little discussion, will help your class to a fuller possession of whatever truth the lesson has to teach. Sometimes a story is more effective if you say nothing about the moral; in such cases go at once to the expressional or memory work, which contains the same idea in different form. But there are stories which are the more valuable for a little talk about their meaning and how it may apply to the pupils. Here again, for pointed application which is also tactful, you must know your class. Make out your own questions along the lines of those suggested in the text-book. Encourage the children to talk about their personal experiences. The lesson will mean much to them if they help to develop it. But you, the teacher, must be prepared to direct their remarks into proper channels, checking irrelevancy but appreciating contributions which are really valuable. It goes without saying that you cannot keep the text-book open before you during this part of the lesson. There would be no time to look at it. Indeed, the book is intended for the teacher to use at home, and had better be left there when she goes to her class. To achieve independence of the text-book,—this is the last step in preparing the lesson.

THE WORK OF THE PUPIL

THE teacher's efficient preparation is only the beginning of her task; its fulfillment comes when the pupil works too. He may listen intently, the presentation may appeal to his understanding as completely as the most exacting pedagogist could desire; but unless he does something to confirm and deepen the impression, the teacher might as well have been moulding dry sand.

In this course of lessons, three methods are offered for inducing the pupil to express himself. Each is valuable in its place, although all three cannot usually be brought into play with every lesson,—unless the parent co-operates with the teacher and the pupil does some of his work at home.

Informal conversation: This is covered by suggestions for talks before and after the story, under the headings *Approach*, *Application*, and sometimes *Expressional Work*. Such suggestions, even when they appear as direct questions, are not intended to limit the teacher. Children are surprisingly inventive and responsive, and they like immensely to talk about their own experiences. All they need is a little encouragement. It will require some tact, of course, to limit their remarks to the subject under discussion; but concentration of this sort is excellent training both for teacher and pupil.

The amount of conversation—aside from the limitations of time—must be determined first by the age and experience of the pupils, second by the character of the lesson. Children of eight can naturally offer more valuable material for discussion than those who are

younger and less sophisticated. Also the observing power of individuals is sometimes undeveloped; we say of them that "they haven't waked up yet," if only we don't call them stupid. Such children have to be inspired by questions and helped by sympathy. It is for the teacher of each class to make her diagnosis and decide what she can best do to make informal conversation profitable.

As to the character of the lesson as a check upon free speech, there are stories whose moral effect is so delicate that talk about it would amount to clumsy dissection, —to breaking a butterfly upon a wheel, as Emerson would have put it. And it may be that pupils will sometimes find the application of the moral too personal for a lengthy consideration in public. As a four-year-old of my acquaintance said to her mother, who was reasoning with her for misconduct, "Mother, I think the less said about this, the better!"

Hand-work: In this course, it is limited to coloring with crayons, the pasting of pictures, and a little written work. Its function is to emphasize the thought *already presented* in story and informal conversation; it should never precede the story or be used to "keep the pupils busy." Any teacher who so perverts its purpose had better give up her class and devote herself to society. Hand-work is a natural method for fixing an impression; as Joseph Lee says, man and manipulation belong together*: but the impression must be received before it can be fixed. A child learns the memory verse,—or rather, he repeats it. He colors it, and it becomes his personal property to be treasured and placed on the mantel-piece in his room. So with the picture which he pastes in the frame he has made beautiful. The value of his imaginative drawings may

* In *Play in Education.*

be less permanent,—unless he is a genius they need not remain long on exhibition—but from an educative point of view they are wonderfully effective. They require accurate thinking, teach the child to picture his thought and train the creative faculties. The skeleton story is a rhetorical exercise with which the majority of Fourth Grade children are familiar in our public schools. By means of it, the pupil fixes in his memory significant words, and creates his own reading lesson. Finally, where the application calls for original ideas, a blank sheet is provided for the full and free inscription of one's very own thoughts.

Dramatization: The dramatic method of expression is rapidly rising in favor among educators. Acting the story is the next thing to living it. Children under six, indeed, actually do become for the time being the people or things they impersonate. The eight-year-old pupil cannot lose himself so completely—that self is too interesting—but he revels in action and his imagination is keen to realize situations. He likes to know how it feels to stand sternly erect and pronounce the rebuke of a Samuel to a crouching Saul; and when he knows, he will understand Samuel better. Talk to him of sympathy, and you might as well address the wind; but ask him to act the story, and the thing is done without any need of talk.

The actual work of dramatization should be done by the class. If they can improve on the suggestions for scene-division which are given with the lesson, so much the better. As far as is possible without friction, let them assign parts. They will usually need help with the speeches, although the spirit of the diction is more important than its form and it is better not to be too punctilious. Beautiful as the language of our Bible is, there was a time when it was original. Costuming is

not necessary and requires outside work; but the school which makes dramatization a habit can gradually accumulate a wardrobe as it does a library, to be drawn upon as occasion requires.

Finally, every lesson which can be dramatized, should be dramatized; but in planning the expressional work for this course, I have taken the point of view of the conservative. If our children could do their acting on a grassy lawn or in their old clothes, the difficulties of falling prostrate, like Goliath or Saul of Tarsus, or of performing acrobatic feats like Our Lady's Tumbler, might be overcome; but floors are dusty and there is a tradition that on Sunday one's raiment should be of exceptional purity. Since we desire the co-operation of the parents, let us proceed with care. Other stories might be acted too realistically, like the battle-scenes in *The Maid sent by God*. And there are other scenes, like that Last Supper in the upper room, where dramatization would be an intrusion. Only the consecrated peasants of Oberammergau have so far been privileged to present the closing scenes of the life of Jesus. In deciding which of these stories of Children of the Father can be more deeply impressed upon her class through acting as upon a stage, the teacher must be guided by the attitude and adaptability of her pupils and by her own sense of fitness. Any possible lessening of reverence must be avoided at all costs.

HOME WORK

HOME WORK is furnished with these lessons to further co-operation between parent and teacher, and to deepen the impression produced by work done in the class. Suggestions for doing this are as varied as possible. The memory verse should be repeated frequently. The hand-work may be finished, if necessary, and kept on view for the enrichment of the family. The Bible story, told freely in class, may be read in the original English. Sometimes stories or poems carry out the lesson theme, and pictures are associated with it; or the children can be encouraged to play games based upon the dramatization of the lesson.

How is such co-operation to be secured? The ideal way would be for each parent to own a copy of the text-book, and follow the lessons from Sunday to Sunday. The teacher or superintendent might bring this about by showing the book to the parents and arousing their enthusiasm over the possibilities of co-ordinating home and Sunday school. More fathers and mothers are eager for this than we realize. If the book cannot be owned in the home, the teacher must assign to each pupil work to be done during the week, such as learning the memory verse and completing the hand-work, and send to the parents reading references with other suggestions for correlated work.

The books referred to are frequently to be found in public or Sunday-school libraries. The name of the publisher and the price of the book is given for those parents who wish to purchase them. There is also a

list of pictures, with the publisher and catalogue number of each print.

LIST OF BOOKS AND PICTURES FOR HOME WORK*

A WONDER BOOK. Nathaniel Hawthorne
Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, Mass.
(Riverside Literature Series) . . . . . $ .40

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. John Bunyan.
Houghton, Mifflin and Company.
(Riverside School Library) 60

The same; illustrated by the brothers Rhead.
The Century Company, New York City. 1.50

JOAN OF ARC. Boutet de Monvel.
The Century Company. Illustrated 3.50

ST. NICHOLAS.
The Century Company. Per copy 25

APPLES OF GOLD. Clara Bancroft Beatley.
American Unitarian Association, Boston, Mass. . . . 1.00

THE LITTLE CHILD AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE. William and Mary Gannett.
The Beacon Press, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. . . .50

THE BEACON.
The Beacon Press . . . . . Per copy .03

FIFTY FAMOUS STORIES RETOLD. James Baldwin.
American Book Company 35

THE GOLDEN WINDOWS. Laura E. Richards.
Little, Brown and Company, Boston, Mass. 1.00

GOD'S TROUBADOUR. Sophie Jewett.
Thomas Y. Crowell and Company, New York City . . 1.25

THE STORY OF THE GRAIL AND THE PASSING OF ARTHUR. Howard Pyle.
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York 2.00

WILDE'S BIBLE PICTURES.
178 Pyramids of Egypt.
179 Pyramids and Sphynx.
180 View on the Nile, north from the Temple of Isis.
181 Heliopolis.

*The price given does not include postage.

316 Cairo, Egypt.
108 The Pharisee and the Publican. Dore.
112 Christ and the Young Ruler. Hofmann.
417 Infant Samuel. Reynolds.
W. A. Wilde Company, 120 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
Price of single print 01

UNIVERSITY PRINTS.

SERIES B.
72 St. Francis before the Sultan. Giotto.
127 St. Stephen Preaching. Fra Angelico.

SERIES C.
156 La Belle Jardiniere. Raphael.
288 Madonna with St. Catherine. Titian.
Bureau of University Travel, Trinity Place, Boston, Mass.
Price of single print 01

MEMORY WORK

The following requirements are made for the memory work of this grade:

I. The first Great Commandment *

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

Matthew 22:37.

II. One memory verse from each of the first four groups and three from the last group, including the Golden Rule. These may be recited when a key-word is given; for example, "*heareth*" for the verse, "*Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.*"

III. Pippa's song from Browning's poem, "*Pippa Passes.*"

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

* This is also a requirement for the grade, preceding "*Living Together.*"

IV. The following verse of a hymn by Theodore Chickering Williams.

O the ancient earth is calling
For such life as thine may be!
Ages gone were stumbling, falling,
Toward the light thine eyes shall see.
Though the old, heroic story
Glow with noble deed sublime,
There shall be a greater glory
In the coming, golden time.
Gird thee, gird thee, O my brother,
We will march in close array,
Trusting God and in each other,
We are children of the day.

PART I

CHILDREN OF GOD

THEME

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God.

I John 3:1.

CHILDREN OF GOD

The Purpose of the Group

THE stories of this group picture normal children, whose great joys and little sorrows are those of all children living under normal conditions. There are eight lessons. The first five teach obedience and service. The remaining three also tell of service, but are more concerned with gratitude and praise to the Heavenly Father for the love he "hath bestowed upon us."

Schools which begin their class-work later than the first Sunday in September will not be able to use all these lessons. In the first group, the three lessons on Joseph are absolutely essential. The stories of Jacob and of the little maid of Naaman may be dropped or retained at the discretion of the teacher. The lessons in the second group are equal in value, but at least one should be taught.

Home Work

IN only one of the lessons is provision made for a review of work done at home, but the teacher should form the habit of inquiring regularly for such work and giving it warm encouragement. The best time is usually at the beginning of the lesson, either before the approach to the new story or in connection with it, in case it should be a continuation of the thought of the last lesson.

LESSON I

JOSEPH AND HIS FATHER JACOB

The Purpose

JOSEPH'S unquestioning obedience is the thought to be emphasized in this lesson. He does not stop to argue, when Jacob sends him to learn of the welfare of his brothers. Yet this could have been no pleasant task. The brothers did not love him; Joseph was sharp enough to know that. A long walk which is to end among unfriendly men does not rouse one's enthusiasm to fever heat. The temptation to look for excuses is almost insurmountable. And yet, when Joseph arrived at Shechem and his brothers were not there, he did not turn back as many a boy would. He pursued his journey to its bitter end. That the end was indeed bitter should not be allowed to weaken the emphasis by making unflinching obedience seem an unwise course. To counteract such a possibility, make much of what must have been true,—that the boy was comforted in his grief by the thought that he had at least done his best for the father whom he loved and who loved him. It is through such loyal obedience to earthly fathers that children are led to obey the Heavenly Father.

The Approach

Perhaps this is the first lesson of the school year. The children are fresh from the long vacation and are more ready to tell you and each other what they have

been doing all summer than to listen to any story which you may have to tell. Yet you must somehow produce a receptive attitude for the impression to be made by this particular story. Just how you do it will depend upon the individuals in your class, but the following suggestion is offered as a possible "point of contact." Most normal children know the experience of "running errands", even in play-time. Have the errands ever been difficult, or unpleasant to do? Have they had to go a long way, when they would have liked to do something else? This ought to bring a response and perhaps a confession of shortcomings. Doubtless you yourself remember how it felt, and can sympathize with the child, who is the more ready to speak of his mistakes because of your sympathy. Now, wouldn't they like to hear how Joseph went on a long errand for his father? Joseph they have often heard of, but they cannot hear about him too often, because he is one of the most interesting boys in our Bible, and so true to his father that every boy, or girl either, would be glad to know a boy like him. This, then, is the story.

Joseph and His Father Jacob

Joseph lived in the land of Canaan, hundreds of years before Jesus was born. His father, Jacob, loved him so much that his brothers were jealous; that is, they were all jealous except his little brother, Benjamin, who was too young to think of such a thing as hating anyone. The others were so much older that they did not really know Joseph. They had never played together. Indeed, these ten older brothers had to work, looking after the large flocks of sheep which belonged to their father. Sometimes, the work was not done well, and Joseph would see it and tell his father. His

brothers hated him the more for that. They had to wear rough clothes, while Joseph had a beautiful coat of many colors which his father had given him, and they were jealous because of this, also. Finally, Joseph had two dreams which made them very angry.

"Hear, I pray you," said Joseph, "this dream which I have dreamed: for behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and lo, my sheaf arose and stood upright; and behold, your sheaves came round about and bowed low before my sheaf."

Then his brothers said to him,

"Shalt thou indeed reign over us?"

The second dream was even more strange. Said Joseph,

"I have dreamed yet another dream; behold, the sun and moon and eleven stars bowed low before me."

You may be thinking that it would have been just as well for Joseph to have kept his dreams to himself. Perhaps his father thought so, too, for he said,

"What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves before thee to the earth?"

Soon after this, Joseph's brothers took their flocks to the pastures of Shechem. It was so far away that they did not come home at night. Jacob wished he knew how they were, but it was a long distance for him to walk, so he called Joseph, and said to him,

"Do not thy brothers feed the flocks in Shechem? Come, and I will send thee unto them."

Now it was a hot day, and Joseph would much rather have stayed at home with little Benjamin, under the oak trees. Besides, he knew his brothers would not be glad to see him. But he loved his father and he was in the habit of doing exactly what his father told him to do. So he said promptly,

"Here am I."

Then said Jacob,

"Go now, see if it is well with thy brothers, and well with the flock; and bring me word again."

Joseph started at once, walking rapidly out of the valley of Hebron in which they lived, and came to Shechem; but he saw nothing of his brothers. Did he turn back and tell his father they were not to be found? No, that would worry Jacob, and unless he found his brothers, there was no use in his having come at all. He looked about until he met a man, who was wandering in a field.

"What seekest thou?" said the man.

"I seek my brothers; tell me, I pray thee, where are they feeding the flock?"

"They have gone away," said the man, "for I heard them say, 'Let us go to Dothan.' "

Dothan was still farther off, but Joseph knew in which direction it lay. The walking was not good, for there were pits, or deep holes, here and there, and he had to watch his path. But at last he saw his brothers —ten of them—standing near the sheep, which were busy cropping grass. It certainly looked as if all were well with them, but he would go and see. He waved his hand to attract their attention.

They saw him, but they did not wave back. Instead they drew close together and began to talk about him.

"Behold, this dreamer cometh! Come now, let us slay him and cast him into a pit, and we will say, 'An evil beast hath devoured him': and then we shall see what will become of his dreams."

Reuben, the oldest of the brothers, would not agree to this.

"Let us not take his life," he said, "cast him into the pit, but do not hurt him."

The others respected Reuben, so they said they would not hurt Joseph; but when he came up, they took a hateful pleasure in stripping off his coat of many colors and letting him down the steep sides of the pit. It was dry, fortunately, but the sides were slippery and Joseph could not have climbed out, even if he had been left alone there. He was hungry and thirsty, but his brothers gave him nothing, although they sat down near by to eat their bread. Poor Joseph! He knew they had not liked him for some time, but he did not suppose they would ever treat him like this! Yet he was not sorry he had come. He had done as his father wished; and his father's love seemed even more dear to him now that he felt the hatred of his brothers.

Reuben alone of the brothers had not sat down to eat. He went away by himself, to think. How could he get Joseph out of that pit, without the others knowing it?

As the brothers sat there, thinking what they should do with Joseph, they noticed a rich fragrance in the air, and looking up, they saw a travelling company of Ishmaelites coming from Gilead, with their camels. They were on their way to Egypt to sell spices and balm and myrrh. Suddenly, one of the brothers, named Judah, said,

"Come, let us sell Joseph to the Ishmaelites!"

The brothers liked the idea, and when the merchants came up, they dragged Joseph out of the pit and sold him to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver.

The caravan was already far away when Reuben returned. Looking into the pit, he found it empty. He rent his clothes in despair and cried,

"The child is gone; and I, whither shall I go?"

He was thinking of his father, Jacob.

His brothers had nothing to say, not even Judah;

but they thought of a way to deceive their father. They killed a goat, and dipped Joseph's beautiful coat in its blood. They went home that night, and carried the coat with them.

"This we have found," they said to Jacob: "see now whether it be thy son's coat or not."

"It is my son's coat, " cried Jacob, "an evil beast hath devoured him. Joseph is without doubt torn in pieces."

And he mourned many days, and refused to be comforted. But if he had known it, Joseph was thinking of him all the way to Egypt, and hoping the day would come when he should see his dear father Jacob and tell him that he had obeyed his order and done exactly what he had been told to do.

Expressional Work

Although the story of Joseph as a whole is most effective in tableaux, this lesson is not adaptable to dramatic treatment. The strongest action centers about the pit, and emphasizes the jealousy of the brothers; whereas the thought to be remembered is Joseph's attitude toward his father,—something not easily expressed in dramatics. The teacher is advised to confine immediate application to memorizing and coloring the text. Ask the class what it means. Let the children tell in their own way, that it means first that Joseph was ready to fulfill the word of his father; second, that every one of us must be able to say it when the call comes.

Memory Verse

And he said to him, Here am I.

Genesis 37:13.

Home Work

Ask the children to be able to tell you at the next lesson about someone who obeyed as promptly as Joseph did. It may be some great man or woman, whom their parents can tell them about; better still, it may be a child of their own acquaintance. The parents can help by asking the children what success they are having. It is better for them to find instances of obedience in others than for them to boast of their own accomplishments,—since they naturally imitate what they are taught to admire.

For a review of the story of Joseph, see Genesis 37: 3-35.

The parents are urged to co-operate with the teacher in having the hand-work finished at home, if there is not time in class, and in reviewing the memory-work.

Supplementary stories which teach the lesson of obedience are the Bible story of the Fall and Expulsion, and the corresponding story of Pandora. Hawthorne's version of this, "The Paradise of Children," in *A Wonder Book*, is not only a charming interpretation but valuable as a lesson in ethics.

LESSON 2

THE STORY OF JACOB'S DREAM AT BETHEL

The Purpose

THE story of Jacob's dream is told at this point to bring assurance of God's protecting presence. Joseph journeying to Egypt is deprived of the immediate protection of his father Jacob, and feels a great need. What more natural than thought of his father's own experience on first going away from home? Probably Joseph knew of the dream at Bethel, and would think the more of it because of his own dreams, which he had told so confidently to his brothers.

It would be most unwise to refer in any way to the reason for Jacob's journey. He appears in this group of stories as the honored father of Joseph, and a child could neither understand or excuse his unjust treatment of Esau.

A Review of the Last Lesson

Talk with the children about Joseph and his father. Have them recall the story briefly. What did the boy do? Yes, he obeyed his father at once. What did he say when his father called him? Who knows of someone else who obeyed (or obeys) promptly?

If other work has been done at home, like the coloring of the text, ask to see it. Remember to encourage those who have done such work, or who have talked about the story with their fathers and mothers.

The Approach to To-Day's Lesson

Ask the children if their fathers tell them stories.

Joseph's father had many interesting stories to tell, and some day you can read them for yourselves, as they are in the fore part of our Bible. One of them we are to hear to-day. When Joseph was sold by his brothers to the Egyptians, he was lonely, for he thought he would never see his father again. Every minute the caravan was taking him farther away from home. But when night came, and the bright, soft stars twinkled out, he remembered this story.

The Story of Jacob's Dream at Bethel

In the far-off time, when Jacob was young with a father to care for him and a comfortable bed to sleep in at night, he was sent on a journey to visit his uncle. It was such a very long time ago that there were no railroads in that land, and Jacob had to travel on foot. He had never been so far from home before, and when night came and found him on a hill, with no father to say good-night, with no warm bed to lie down upon, he felt as if he were alone in all the world, with nothing nearer than the stars. He found a stone and put it under his head, and lay down to sleep; but as he looked up at the dark sky his eyes were full of tears, and the stars sent down long, blurred rays of light, like ladders reaching from heaven down to earth.

How long he slept he did not know. It might have been the middle of the night when the dream came to him. There was a ladder of light in his dream; one end rested near him on the lonely hill, but the top of the ladder reached to heaven, and there were angels of God going up and down. While he gazed, struck with won-

der, he felt that God himself was beside him, speaking to him.

"Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee whithersoever thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land. I will not leave thee."

Then Jacob awoke out of his sleep, and said,

"Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

Early in the morning, when Jacob rose to continue his journey, he took the stone he had used for a pillow and set it up for an altar so that he might remember that place when he came again; and he named it Bethel, which means the house of God. After that, he was not lonely any more, since God had promised not to leave him; and he came safely to his journey's end.

Application

Speak again of Joseph, sleeping under the stars on his way to Egypt. Would he be lonely at first? How would he feel when he remembered the story of his father's dream? Picture Joseph going on his journey more happily because he believed that God was with him too, and would bring him to his father again. This was a long time ago. We know now that God is with us always. He does not need to tell us so in dreams. But this old story about Jacob has made many children beside Joseph remember that God cares for us, and it is a story which no one of us wants ever to forget.

Expressional Work

The hand-work for this lesson is an imaginative drawing of Jacob at Bethel. Ask the children what

they think the hill looked like. Was it bare? Were there any trees on it? What shape was the stone? How would Jacob look, lying on the ground, with the stone for a pillow?

Be particularly careful not to allow them to color the conventional border until they have made their own drawing.

Home Work

The Bible story may well be read at home, although the promise concerning the land is not necessary at this time. The reference is Genesis 28: 10-22. Read or sing with the children the hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee," and tell them that it was written about this very story.

LESSON 3

JOSEPH AS GOVERNOR OF EGYPT

The Purpose

THIS lesson continues the story of Joseph. It is purely narrative, leading to Lesson 4, which contains the ethical climax. The teacher's aim should be to keep the pupil's interest very much alive, and to encourage him to look forward to the story's conclusion.

The Approach

There is a gap between this story and the first lesson which can best be filled by a description of Egypt.

Recall Joseph on his journey. Where was he going?

Tell the pupils enough about Egypt to make them realize its greatness from Joseph's point of view. It had finer buildings than he had ever seen. The river Nile was wide and deep,— wide as a lake when it overflowed its banks. The king was called Pharaoh; he lived in a palace with slaves to wait on him, and when he went out, he rode in a chariot. Perhaps the children know something of Egypt already, and can help you to describe it. Show pictures, if possible. Almost any history of Egypt will have pictures of the Nile and the Pyramids. If no such pictures are available, Wilde's Bible Pictures, numbers 178, 179, 180, 181, and 316 will be sent by mail from W. A. Wilde Company, 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., at one cent each.

Joseph as Governor of Egypt

After Joseph had lived for several years in Egypt, the man he worked for became angry with him and put him into prison. It was there, especially, that Joseph thought of Pharaoh, the great king, and wondered if he should ever have a chance to see him. At last the chance came.

Pharaoh had a dream. In it, he stood by the river. He saw coming out of the river seven cows, fat and sleek; and they fed in the reed-grass. After them came up seven other cows, thin and ugly to look at, and stood on the bank of the river. And then the thin cows ate up the fat ones.

Pharaoh awoke, only to fall asleep and dream a second time. He saw seven ears of corn on one stalk, full and good; and seven other ears, thin and blasted by the east wind, sprung up after them. Then the thin ears swallowed up the full ears.

In the morning, as Pharaoh thought of these dreams, he was troubled, and he called for all the magicians of Egypt and all the wise men in his kingdom. He told them his dreams, but there was no one who could tell him what they meant. Then, when Pharaoh was discouraged, the butler who stood beside his chair spoke suddenly:

"Pharaoh was angry with his servants and put us in prison, the chief baker and myself. We dreamed a dream in one night, I and he. There was with us there a young man, a Hebrew, servant to the captain of the guard; and he told us the meaning of our dreams: and they came to pass as he had said."

(Can you think who the young man was? Yes, it was Joseph.)

Pharaoh sent for him, and they brought him hastily; and he put on fresh clothing and came before Pharaoh.

Then Pharaoh told Joseph of his dreams,—how he had seen seven thin cattle eat seven fat ones, and seven thin ears of corn swallow up seven full ones.

"God will give Pharaoh an answer of peace," said Joseph. "The dreams are alike. The seven good cattle and the seven good ears are seven years; they are years of plenty: and the seven lean cattle and the seven empty ears, blasted by the east wind, are years of famine. There will come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt; and after them will come seven years of famine which will consume the land so that the years of plenty shall be forgotten. Now, therefore, let Pharaoh find a man who is wise, and set him over the land of Egypt. Let him appoint overseers who shall gather all the food of these good years which are coming and lay up corn in the cities. They shall store it away to be used during the years of famine."

Then said Pharaoh,

"Since God has showed thee all this, there is none so wise as thou. I will set thee over all the land of Egypt."

And Pharaoh took off his signet ring and put it upon Joseph's hand, and threw a gold chain about his neck; and Joseph rode in a chariot and was governor of the land of Egypt.

In the seven years which followed, so much corn ripened that Joseph could no more have measured it than he could count the grains of sand on the seashore. Each year he had whatever was not eaten laid away until all the cities of Egypt had great storehouses filled with corn.

Then the seven years of famine began to come, and in all lands there were no harvests. Only Egypt had bread, because of the corn which Joseph had stored

away. So the people of all countries came to Egypt to buy corn.

In the land of Canaan, Jacob and his sons were very hungry; but Jacob heard that there was corn in Egypt, and sent his sons to buy food. Only Benjamin did not go. Jacob was afraid he might lose him as he had once lost Joseph.

The ten older brothers went down into Egypt. It was Joseph who sold the corn, since he was governor of the land; and his brothers came before him. But he had changed very much since the day when they sold him to the merchants of the caravan, and they did not know him.

Joseph knew them, however; and he changed his voice and spoke harshly to them, for he did not wish them to know who he was, just yet.

"Whence come ye?"

"From the land of Canaan to buy food."

"Ye are spies; to see the bareness of the land ye are come."

"Nay, my lord, thy servants are no spies. We are all one man's sons; the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not."

So Joseph found out what he had wanted many years to know, that his father was alive and Benjamin, the little brother with whom he had played under the oak trees at home. If only they had brought Benjamin!

"If ye are telling the truth," said Joseph, "go home and bring back your youngest brother. And one of you shall stay here as my servant until ye come back."

He took Simeon and had him bound before their eyes. Then he sent them away with their sacks full of corn. They had brought money and they paid in full, but Joseph gave orders secretly that each man's money should be put in his sack with the corn.

When the brothers found the money, they could not understand what it meant. They were even a little frightened. Why should a man who spoke harshly to them and accused them of being spies refuse to take their money? When they told Jacob, he was more frightened yet, and would not let them go back with Benjamin.

"Benjamin shall not go down with you," said Jacob, "Joseph is dead and now I have lost Simeon. If mischief should befall Benjamin on the way, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

So the brothers shook their heads and made the best of it; but down in Egypt, Joseph was waiting.

Expressional Work

Dramatization: This part of the story of Joseph can be most effectively dramatized. The following arrangement of scenes is suggested.

I. Pharaoh tells his dreams. Joseph interprets them, and is made governor of Egypt.

II. Jacob sends his ten sons to Egypt to buy corn.

III. The brothers appear before Joseph, who accuses them of being spies, and retains Simeon as a hostage until they bring Benjamin.

IV. Jacob hears the story from his sons and refuses to let Benjamin go.

The first scene requires only four pupils,—Pharaoh, Joseph, the chief butler, and an audience—although the audience may be impersonated by one or many, according to the size of the class. If the class is not large enough for all the sons of Jacob to be represented, all except the "speaking parts" may be understood to be present; but let it be fully understood how many

are imaginary, in order not to create a wrong impression. Encourage the children to name the principal characters in each scene, and to assign parts.

Hand Work

If dramatization is not practicable, an outline drawing of Egypt may be colored.

Home Work

The story of Joseph, as told in these lessons, is found in Genesis 41: 1-45, 46-50, 53-57; 42; 43; 44; 45; 46: 28-34; 47: 1-12.

LESSON 4

JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS

The Purpose

THIS lesson teaches that it is more important to help people than to hurt them just because they have hurt you. The point must be brought out after the story. Joseph's motive is not at first altruistic. He plots cunningly to keep his favorite brother with him, not caring for the rest. It is Judah's appeal in behalf of his father which brings home the truth to Joseph; so when you tell the story, be sure to emphasize this passage and Joseph's reply, especially the words, "God sent me before you to save life."

The Approach

Review the story of Joseph, having as many pupils help as possible.

Joseph and his Brothers

The days went by and the weeks and the months, and the corn which Jacob's sons had bought was gone.

"Go again to Egypt," said Jacob, "buy us a little food."

But Judah said,

"The man did say to us, 'Ye shall not see my face, unless your brother be with you.' If thou wilt send our brother with us, we will go down and buy thee food; but if thou wilt not send him, it is of no use."

Then Jacob said,

"If it must be, do this; carry down to this man a present, a little balm and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds; and take double money in your hand to pay for the corn you bought before. Perhaps it was an oversight that they did not take it: take also your brother, and may God Almighty give you mercy, that the man may set free your other brother and leave you Benjamin."

Once more the brothers came before the governor of Egypt. Joseph saw Benjamin, and could hardly keep from making himself known, but he waited. Perhaps he thought they still hated him, although he had long since forgiven them. He had them brought to his house. He gave Simeon back to them and they had dinner with him. Then he called his servant and commanded him secretly,

"Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry, and put every man's money in his sack. And put my cup, the silver cup, in the sack of the youngest with his corn money."

In the morning, as soon as it was light, the brothers started for home; but before they had gone very far, they were overtaken by Joseph's servant, who asked them why they had taken his master's cup.

The brothers were astonished.

"God forbid," they said, "that thy servants should do such a thing! If the cup be found on any one of us, let him die, and the rest of us will be our lord's servants."

"Let it be like this," said the man. "He who has the cup shall be the servant, and the rest of you shall go free."

Then every man opened his sack; and the servant searched, beginning with the eldest and ending with the youngest; and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack.

They tied up their sacks, and went back to the city to Joseph's house. He was still there, and they bowed before him.

"What is this ye have done?" he said.

Then Judah, who had been most eager to sell Joseph to the Egyptians, began to speak. He told the governor how hard it had been for Jacob to part with Benjamin, even for a little time, because of his great love for him and the loss of Joseph. He added,

"If I return to my father, and Benjamin be not with us, he will die; and we shall bring down the gray hairs of our father to the grave. Now let me, I pray thee, remain instead of the lad a servant to my lord; and let the lad go back with his brothers. For how shall I return to my father without him, and so bring evil upon my father?"

When Joseph saw how Judah had changed, to be willing to give himself for Benjamin, he sent everyone from the room except his brothers and then he burst into such weeping that it was heard throughout the house. When he could speak, he cried,

"I am Joseph."

But they did not understand, so he called them nearer and said again,

"I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Be not angry with yourselves because of it, for God sent me before you to save life. I told Pharaoh the meaning of his dream, and Pharaoh has made me governor of the land. Hasten and go to my father, and tell him, and bring him back to me. Ye shall all live near me, and I will take care of you in the five years of famine which remain."

Meanwhile, news of this went to Pharaoh's house, and he also urged the brothers to live in Egypt. He gave them wagons for the women and children of their

families, and Joseph added food and clothing and presents for his father of all the good things he could think of.

So the brothers went back and brought Jacob into Egypt. Joseph came out to meet him in his chariot, and he fell on his father's neck and wept there a good while. And I think he remembered the last time he had seen Jacob, when his father called him and he said, "Here am I."

Joseph was still ready to do the best that he could for his father and brothers. He gave them a home near his own, and saw that they never wanted food again.

Application

Talk with the class about the story. Which of his brothers would Joseph think about most? Why didn't he let his brothers know who he was when they first came to Egypt? Why did he return their money? Why did he have his silver cup put in Benjamin's sack? Who offered to stay in Benjamin's place? What did Joseph do then? Encourage the class to bring out these points with as little help from you as possible; but remember to lead the talk to Joseph's discovery that his brothers were not bad men any longer—it is quite possible for bad people to become good—and his happiness at seeing his father again and being able to save all their lives.

Expressional Work

Dramatization: The following scenes are suggested.

I. Jacob consents to let Benjamin go to Egypt, and sends a present to the governor.

II. Joseph entertains his brothers in his own house.

III. Joseph instructs his servant concerning the silver cup.
IV. The cup is found in Benjamin's sack.
V. Judah offers himself in Benjamin's place.
VI. Joseph meets his father Jacob.

"The story of Joseph and his Brethren" has been arranged in a series of tableaux by Miss Mary Lawrance, with suggestions for costumes and descriptive music. It is admirable for schools desiring to give an afternoon or evening to this subject. Further information concerning it can be obtained from the Department of Religious Education, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Hand Work

A sheet with a reading lesson is furnished for the pupil's note-book. The ornament is a conventionalized lotus. The lotus, to the Egyptian, was a symbol of the resurrection, or eternal life; so it makes a fitting design for the story of Joseph's mission to Egypt, which was to save life.

LESSON 5

THE LITTLE MAID OF NAAMAN THE SYRIAN

The Purpose

THIS story was originally told to glorify the prophet Elisha. As it is written in the Second Book of Kings, the little captive maid is merely a fortunate accident. She happened to be serving in Naaman's household, and could direct him to the one person who could cure his leprosy. For our purpose, however, the little maid was not an accident but an instrument. Without her, Naaman might never have known of Elisha. She had the power, as a servant, to withhold information. If she had been stupid, or sulky in her servitude, she would not have told, and no one would have been the wiser. Her action makes her an illustration of the memory verse for this lesson. "As we have opportunity, let us work that which is good toward all men." It is most important that we present to the children the necessity of being alert for service. Such is the purpose of this story of the little maid of Naaman the Syrian.

The Approach

Talk with the children about surprises, especially pleasant surprises. The Christmas or birthday present which they give to someone else is a possible starting point. Then ask them if they ever surprised anyone—mother or father or teacher—by doing something to help which wasn't expected:—not the everyday thing, which they always or often do, but something particularly

nice and unusual. After this, the class ought to be in a frame of mind to appreciate the lesson story.

The Little Maid of Naaman the Syrian

In the days when Israel was governed by kings—and this was a long time after Joseph had lived in Egypt and yet many years before Jesus was born—a little girl was taken from her home to live in Syria, a country north of Israel and not always friendly. Syrian armies sometimes came down and took what they could get—crops, cattle, even people.

The little girl was taken in this way, and made a servant in the family of Naaman, captain of the Syrian army. She was lonely and homesick at first; but Naaman's wife was kind, and she soon was happy in doing all she could for her. She did everything she was told to do just as well as she knew how, and soon Naaman's wife loved her, too, and the little maid forgot to be homesick.

Naaman she never saw. She heard much about him, of his courage and skill as a general. He, too, she thought, must be kind, for people loved him and talked about him much as the Israelites at home talked of their heroes. But he had a disease called leprosy. No one could touch him without danger of taking it, and it was said to be incurable. So Naaman had to live by himself, and his servants could talk with him only at a distance. His wife could hardly bear to speak of it.

The little maid thought a good deal about it. If she could only find some way to help, what a surprise it would be! It was the first thing in her mind when she woke up, and the last when she went to sleep. She thought of it during the day, when she was doing the

little tasks for her mistress. Then, all at once, she remembered Elisha!

Elisha was a prophet in Israel. There were wonderful stories about him, which the little maid had heard before the Syrians took her away. It was even said that he had brought to life a child supposed to be dead. If he could do this, surely he could cure Naaman. She went to her mistress and said,

"I wish my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! then he would recover him of his leprosy."

Naaman's wife was interested and promised to speak to the king of Syria about it.

The king was interested, too. He urged Naaman to go, and wrote a letter introducing him to the king of Israel.

Naaman took the letter, and also a present for the king of Israel. There were ten talents of silver, six thousand pieces of gold, and ten beautiful garments. Usually, you see, when Naaman went into Israel, it was at the head of an army which took things away, including little maids; and Naaman was anxious to let the king of Israel know that this time he meant no mischief.

But when the king saw the letter, he was frightened. For this is what it said:

"When this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy."

Now, whoever could cure leprosy, it was not the king of Israel! He was frightened indeed. Why? Because he thought that when he said that he could not cure Naaman, the king of Syria would be angry and make war upon him. He even thought that the Syrian king was doing this on purpose, to have an excuse for making war upon him.

Where was Elisha all this time? Not far away. He heard of the letter and the fear of the king of Israel, and he sent to the king, saying,

"Why art thou frightened? Let him come to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel."

So it seemed as if everything were happening just as the little maid had hoped.

Naaman came with his horses and his chariots, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha. When Elisha heard that he had come, he sent a messenger to him, saying,

"Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thou shalt be clean."

This made Naaman angry.

"I thought," he said, "he will surely come out to me, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and wave his hand over the place, and cure the leprosy. Are not the rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?"

And he went away in a rage; and it seemed as if the little maid had told of Elisha for nothing.

Then the servants of Naaman came near, and said,

"My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? How much rather, then, when he saith to thee, wash and be clean?"

Then Naaman went down and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, as the man of God had said; and when he came out, his flesh was like the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.

Naaman went home cured of his terrible disease. His servants no longer had to stand at a distance when they spoke to him; and he and his family were together once more. Nor did they ever forget the little maid, whose thoughtfulness had brought all this happiness to pass.

Application

Encourage the children to talk about the story, and to imagine what would have happened under different conditions. Suppose the little maid had been angry because she was a servant, and refused to do her work; or that she did what was necessary and no more. Do not let the class imagine that Naaman and his wife were bad because they were enemies of Israel. They had better be represented as lovable people who were glad to do all they could for the child as soon as she responded to their kindness.

Expressional Work

The memory verse is to be colored for the pupils' note-book, either in class or at home.

Memory Verse

As we have opportunity, let us work that which is good toward all men.

Galatians 6:10.

Home Work

The story is found in II Kings 5: 1-15, and can be read without omissions. It might also be profitable for the children to see how many pleasant surprises they can bring about during the week, and report to the teacher at the following lesson.

LESSON 6

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL

The Purpose

"He was the father of all such as handle the harp and pipe."

This sentence, found in Genesis 4: 21, is all the Bible tells us of Jubal, if we except a few words of information concerning his genealogy. The story used in this lesson is adapted from George Eliot's poem, "The Legend of Jubal"; but the purpose is unlike hers. The climax in which Jubal rushes before the procession, proclaiming his identity, and is ignominiously beaten off, is omitted; it would be a sad ending from the point of view of the eight-year-old child. Instead, Jubal is soothed in his loneliness by the thought of his gift to humanity. The purpose of the lesson is to represent him as an inspiration, one who finds his greatest joy in giving to others.

The Approach

An appropriate opening for this story would be a little talk—very little—about sharing one's happiness. Ask the children if they know anyone, boy or girl, who cannot be quite happy without wishing everybody else to be happy too. A word or two about the negative side will help,—the children who shut themselves away from their comrades, and don't wish anybody to share their joys. The joy would of course be something tangible at this age, but the idea is the same.

A suggestion from one teacher is Stevenson's "Looking Forward" from *A Child's Garden of Verses.*

When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.

Tell the class that you have a story about a man who shared his happiness.

The Legend of Jubal

Jubal watched the rise and fall of Tubal-Cain's hammer. Tubal-Cain was strong, and although the hammer was heavy, it struck the anvil as regularly as your pulse throbs, only more slowly. Up—down, up—down, it went; and every stroke on the anvil made a ringing sound.

Jubal went into the woods. It was early morning, and the birds were singing,—chirping, whistling, trilling. He sat down under a tree and listened. In the village he heard the regular beat of the hammer, marking time.

This was such a long time ago that no one had heard of music. Never a song had been written or a musical instrument invented. The children sang as the birds did, without thinking what it was, and mothers crooned lullabies over their babies, not knowing what songs were. Only to Jubal, hearing the birds and the children and the mothers, and feeling the regular beat of the hammer, came the thought of that wonderful thing which we call music.

Jubal one day made a lyre, which is something like a tiny harp, one small enough to carry in your hand. The strings, as he touched them, made a thrilling sound, sweeter than any he had ever heard. He took the lyre

to the hills, where only the wind was, and that was quiet. In the silence a melody came to him, and he sang it over and over, playing chords on his lyre. As he played, he grew almost wild with joy. He sang louder and struck heavier chords; and then, all at once, his heart felt like a heavy weight, since there was no one there to hear his music and enjoy it with him.

He hurried back, over the hills, through the woods. These too were silent, for it was sunset, and the birds had gone to sleep. But all the people of the village were out of doors. Jubal stood among the trees and watched them. Children played about their fathers and mothers, young men and maidens walked up and down. They talked, they laughed, they were happy; but Jubal knew how to make them happier.

Taking up his lyre, he went toward them, singing the song of the lonely hills.

The games stopped, the laughter was hushed; the people listened first in surprise, then with delight. Jubal saw it and played more gaily. They began to dance as they had never danced before; but there was something in the music which taught them.

When the dance was over, they ran to him to learn what was this strange thing which Jubal struck with his fingers. They took it from him and played with it. Some of the sounds were sweet and others were discords, until he taught them how to play. A few sung the melody after him, and presently all were singing. They crowded around him until the stars came out, and even these seemed to twinkle more merrily than usual.

Day after day, Jubal went about among his people until mothers had heard their lullabies played again and again on the lyre, and the children had a new song for each game. Every night he played for the

dance. More lyres were made, and others played and sang with him. So Jubal was called "the father of all such as handle the harp and the pipe."

At first Jubal felt that he could go on for a hundred years, making up new songs and teaching them to his people. Many, many years did go on in this way; but there came a day when there seemed no new songs left anywhere within hearing of the village,—in fields or on the lonely hills or in the woods where the birds were still singing in their own way. But there was a world beyond the village. If he could go into it, Jubal thought, he might find the greatest song of all. It was a long, long journey that he took, searching for this greatest song. He made a raft and glided southward with the rivers, until he saw before him snow-capped mountains gleaming in the sunlight. There a new song came to him, but it was not the greatest. He wandered among strange villages and cities, teaching his songs to the people; but he never stayed long, sorry as they were to have him go. He came at last to the open sea, and sitting down on the beach, watched the waves, breaking as regularly as Tubal-Cain's hammer fell on the anvil, and booming with a sound unlike any that Jubal had ever heard. And still he knew that the greatest of songs was not here.

At last he came again to his old home. But how it had changed! The village had become a city. Indeed he had been gone a long time. He met no one whom he knew, no one who knew him. Tired out with looking for a friendly face, he lay down to rest on a bank by the roadside.

He heard music. Looking up, he saw a procession coming from the city-gates. Men and women, youths and maidens, little children, were singing; and as they came, they chanted a name: "Jubal! Jubal!"

He started up, but they passed by, not knowing that the old man by the roadside was Jubal. He lay back on the withered grass, listening. Then it was that he saw a vision of men and their children and their children's children, going down a beautiful pathway between banks of fresh grass, singing new songs to new instruments of music; and they were all his friends, since it was he who had taught them how to find music. Now they were singing a song about his gift to his fellow-men, and how they might themselves keep on giving. When Jubal heard it, he knew that at last, he was listening to the greatest song of all. Thus listening, he fell asleep.

Expressional Work

This story is full of suggestions for imaginative drawing, and a blank leaf is provided for the purpose. Once again, the teacher is cautioned not to allow the pupil to waste time coloring the conventional border,—at least, not until the drawing is finished. There are so many pictures which might be drawn—Jubal watching Tubal-Cain, Jubal alone on the hills, the villagers dancing, the procession from the city—that it is better not to prompt the imaginations of the children by questions until they have started their work. Then, when each has decided what he will draw, individual questions may be asked if necessary.

Home Work

For supplementary reading, Psalm 150 is suggested. Notice that the memory verse for Lesson 8 is taken from this Psalm.

Encourage the children to find others who have given great gifts to men.

LESSON 7

SERVING THE LORD WITH GLADNESS

The Purpose

THIS story is intended to picture happy childhood responding in song to the love of God. It is not an ethical lesson,—simply a strengthening of the tie between the Father and his children.

The Approach

Read to the children Psalm 100. If they have Bibles of their own, and can read it with you, so much the better.

Ask them how it makes them feel. What does it mean to "come before his presence with singing"? Bring out the point that children praise God not only in church or Sunday school, but when they sing happily about their work or play. The story to-day is about a girl who praised God when she was playing.

The Song of Pippa

Pippa sprang out of bed to see the sun rise. An hour she had been lying there, waiting for it. The solid gray cloud in the east had made her wonder if the sun would rise at all. She was more than ever anxious that morning to see the sun. It was her one holiday. All the rest of the year, she worked in the silk-mills; for she was poor. She had no father or mother to take care of her. Think how you would feel if you had only one day a year in which to play. Then you will under-

stand how Pippa felt, when she was afraid it might rain.

Now Pippa saw a gap in the solid gray cloud. A little wave of gold, pure gold, boiled over its edge,—then another and another. They grew red. The round sun came up over the cloud, and its waves of light flowed over the hills beyond and crept up to the flat roofs of the near-by houses.

Pippa watched it, her hands clasped tightly together. It had come at last, her Day! But she would no twaste a minute. She ran to her wash-stand, seized the pitcher, and poured the splashing water into the basin.

"I have caught a sunbeam," she laughed. "Yes—no; where has it gone?"

To the ceil ng first; then she caught sight of it on the crimson lily blossoming in the window.

It was the only pretty thing—except Pippa—in the big, bare room; but Pippa could pretend as well as any child in the world. Now she was a queen, and the flower worshipped her. Certainly she loved it,—why shouldn't it love her? Then she began to plan what she would do with her day. She decided to play a new game, the best she had ever thought of. She knew who were the happiest people in her little town. She would pretend to be these people, one after another. She would call herself by their names, and play that she was living as they lived. And to make it more real, she would go to their gardens, or to the street where they lived, or to a ruined tower where they liked to walk, and perhaps see or hear them.

First she would visit the garden of Ottima, the proud lady who lived in the great stone house on the hillside. Pippa thought that the silk she wound at the mill was probably used for the border of Ottima's cloak. She

knew too, that Ottima had a lover who sat with her in the glass summer-house in the garden. Pippa had no lover, but she could imagine how pleasant it would be.

She climbed the hill, and entering the garden, made her way to the summer-house, and sat down on the door-step. They were inside; she heard the murmur of their voices. Pippa was glad. She did not try to listen to what they were saying—that would not have been fair, and it would have spoiled her game of pretense. For now she was Ottima, dressed in silk instead of rags, and her lover was beside her. There was nothing to do all day long but to be happy. If she wanted a flower or an ice her lover would get it. At night, she would sleep on a soft bed in a room with silk window-curtains, and if it rained in the morning, she would not care. There would be no silk-mill to go to.

All at once, she became uneasy. Something was disturbing the game; she was no longer Ottima, she was Pippa. Then she realized that the voices inside were louder. They were not happy voices. Ottima's sounded as if she were going to cry. Pippa began to think she had made a mistake. She disliked the summer-house now. It must be close inside; the window-shutters were tight and dust was thick on the sill. A bruised plant drooped from the lattice. How could they breathe in there! From the door-step, Pippa could see far over the hills, bathed in golden sunshine. The air fairly sparkled. The sky overhead was deepest blue. It were better not to be Ottima, thought Pippa, and be shut up in a hot little summer-house on such a day as this. Her Day it was, to do with as she liked. She jumped up from the door-step and began to sing:

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"

As she ran down the hillside, she knew that God loved her as well as Ottima. That thought was happiness enough for this sparkling day and for all the other days of the year. Pippa sang her song over again.

(*Adapted from "Pippa Passes," by Robert Browning.*)

Expressional Work

Pippa's song is printed on the pupil's lesson-leaf. Read it with the class, and explain, if necessary, what the condensed phrases mean. Tell them how a skylark sings. Ask them to describe what beautiful things they may have seen early on a spring morning. Have them memorize the song.

There is opportunity for color-work in the design.

Home Work

For supplementary reading, see *The Little Child at the Breakfast Table*, XXV, p. 40. This is also a good time to read Wordsworth's poem, *The Daffodils*, beginning, "I wandered lonely as a cloud."

LESSON 8

THEOCRITE AND THE ANGEL

The Purpose

THE story of Theocrite is adapted from Browning's poem, "The Boy and the Angel." It tells us that the Father hears and loves the songs of his children, that when we sing praises to God we are giving him something which he really needs.

The Approach

Stories which introduce angels always stir the religious emotions of the child, because both the Bible and sacred art have associated them with religious themes. Ask what pictures of angels look like. Some child will no doubt refer to the wings. The people who lived when our Bible was written thought that angels carried the messages of God to earth. Seven, finer than all the rest, stood beside the throne of God ready always to do whatever they were told. Gabriel was the first and most wonderful of these. The people thought he was the one who was sent to whisper to Mary that she was to be the mother of baby Jesus. In today's story, the poet Browning tells us that Gabriel tried to take the place of one little boy in Rome—and learned that the boy could do something for God which even he could not do!

Certain references to monks and monastery and Pope may not be readily understood by our Protestant children. Ask if they know who the Pope is, where he

lives, what he does. Show pictures, first of St. Peter's, then of a monastery. Tell the class a little about the monks, and how they used to make beautiful books by hand, coloring the letters something as the children color the texts on their lesson sheets. The story follows naturally.

The Praise of Theocrite

Theocrite was a little boy who lived long ago, in a country beyond the seas toward the sunrise. His home was a stone monastery and his room a little bare cell,—bare except where the sunshine, coming through the one window, made a yellow patch on the wall beside his bed. Theocrite began his day before the yellow patch was there, for he had much work to do. But as he worked, he sang.

"Morning, evening, noon, and night,
'Praise God,' sang Theocrite."

The good monk Blaise heard Theocrite's little voice singing, "Praise God." It wasn't very loud, but Blaise liked it. He looked in, and saw the boy working busily, his head bent so that his curls fell over his round cheeks.

"Said Blaise the listening monk, 'Well done;
I doubt not thou art heard, my son:

" 'As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God the Pope's great way.

" 'This Easter Day, the Pope of Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome.'

"Said Theocrite, 'Would God that I
Might praise him that great way, and die!' "

Blaise went on down the corridor. Theocrite could hear the echoing of his footsteps. He took up his work again with a sigh. He did not sing any more. Once he began, he was so used to singing; but his voice sounded so thin and small that he stopped. How could God listen to his little song, when the Pope was chanting his praises under the dome of St. Peter's! Just then, the monks whom he knew began to chant their evening prayer in the chapel. Usually Theocrite was glad to go too, but to-night the voices sounded harsh and rasping. He thought all at once, how tired he was. It was late; the sunshine had gone.

Next morning it was whispered among the monks that Theocrite was very ill. Blaise was taking care of him, and hoped he would soon be well. Meanwhile, the others missed the sound of his voice singing "Praise God," as they passed his door.

But Theocrite did not grow better. Day after day, he lay on his little white bed and watched the patch of sunshine on the wall. The monks tiptoed by or looked in to smile. When this happened, he smiled back; but at other times he forgot where he was, and thought only of the pictures painted on the walls of the chapel, —pictures in red and blue and gold, of a choir of angels praising God. He thought especially of one great angel, Gabriel, with powerful wings tinted like rainbows.

One night, Theocrite was lying awake, while Blaise nodded in the chair beside his bed. It was still in the little room. Theocrite had a feeling that it would not be long before he would be praising God in Heaven itself. Perhaps his voice would be stronger there. Just then, it seemed to him that the door softly opened, and the angel Gabriel entered. Theocrite knew him because he was like the picture in the chapel, tall and

beautiful, in white flowing robes edged with gold, and rainbow-tinted wings, strong enough to lift him to the stars.

Theocrite heard the angel speaking, telling him to be brave,—that he should get well and study to be a priest and finally be Pope. Then indeed, he could praise God under the dome of St. Peter's itself.

Theocrite fell asleep and from that minute he grew stronger. As soon as he was well, he left the monastery and went to a school where boys were taught to be priests. But he left behind him an empty cell, with a patch of sunshine on the wall, and a piece of work not quite finished.

Now it is said, that when God no longer heard Theocrite's song of praise, he missed it.

"God said in heaven, 'Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight.' "

The angel Gabriel heard. He spread his rainbow-tinted wings, and stood before the monastery. Being an angel, he could take any form he liked, and when he entered the gate, the monks thought it was Theocrite come back.

The angel went into the empty cell, and sat down to finish Theocrite's work; and as he worked, he sang "Praise God," even as Theocrite had sung. Although he was an angel, he was perfectly satisfied to do God's work on earth, and the monks, stopping near the open door to listen, were glad to think that Theocrite, as they supposed, could sing once more.

But although they did not know the difference between the angel's song and Theocrite's, God knew. The angel's voice was stronger, surer; his song was that of one who knows God because he has lived in Heaven.

"God said, 'A voice is in mine ear;
There is no doubt in it, no fear:

" 'Clearer loves sound other ways:
I miss my little human praise.' "

The angel Gabriel, working in Theocrite's cell, heard these words of God. He understood then that God needed Theocrite's song as only Theocrite could sing it.

Gabriel left the cell and threw off his disguise. Once more he was an angel with rainbow-tinted wings.

Those wings lifted him until he was like a sunset cloud, which floated until it hung over St. Peter's. And then it was Easter Day and Gabriel was in the room where Theocrite was standing, in the stiff, silk vestments of the Pope. Theocrite looked up and saw the angel. He remembered the little cell and the night on which the angel promised him that he should some day be Pope. The promise had come true,—and yet, was he really glad? He thought of another Easter Day, when the good monk Blaise had praised his little song. All at once, Theocrite wished he were in that cell again, doing his work and singing "Praise God."

Once more the angel took Theocrite's place, but this time it was as Pope. Theocrite went back to the cell and took up his work. The sunshine still made a yellow patch upon the wall, the monks still chanted in the chapel.

"Morning, evening, noon and night,
'Praise God!" sang Theocrite."

He knew now that God could not get along without his song.

Expressional Work

The text for the pupils' note-book should be memorized. When it is colored, remind the class that Theocrite probably colored, not only verses but whole passages from the Bible as part of his work.

Memory Verse

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

Psalm 150:6.

Home Work

Certain of the great Psalms of praise (145—150) make the best of reading to follow this lesson. The best of all, perhaps, for children, is 148.

PART II

CHILDREN OF PROPHECY

THEME

I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then I said, Here am I; send me.

Isaiah 6:8.

CHILDREN OF PROPHECY

The Purpose of the Group

THE word "prophecy" is used here not as divination, the foretelling of future events, but in its literal meaning of interpretation, "speaking for" God. It includes, naturally, listening in the spiritual sense. "He that hath ears, let him hear."

It seems, when we look back over history, as if only selected individuals had this peculiarly close relationship with the Father; but whatever our personal feeling about it, we must not treat these lessons as if they dealt with abnormal situations. The first lesson, telling of the child Samuel in the temple, with its reference to Theodore Parker and the voice of conscience, is familiar to the children. They learned of this in kindergarten days. They might tell of experiences of their own, if they only would. I know of one child who used to turn the pages of the family Bible and thereby received a lasting impression of the nearness of God, just by seeing again and again the phrase, "And God spake unto Moses." To children of eight years, God's closeness is still one of the great realities. So let us not treat the experiences of these Children of Prophecy as if they were miraculous. We take the fact of revelation for granted, and deal with its consequences,—the power of those who speak for God.

If the school calendar will not permit giving all of these lessons, omit one of the lessons on Samuel, the story of Elijah (which will come later in the Beacon Course), and the lesson on Saul of Tarsus, "On the Road to Damascus."

LESSON 9

THE CHILDHOOD OF SAMUEL

The Purpose

THIS lesson shows how a little child, serving God faithfully, may hear the divine voice.

The Approach

This story is used in the kindergarten book in this course. If the pupils remember it, the telling may be a review, in part, and the class may supply points where it can. Begin by asking, "Do you remember the story of Samuel when he was a little boy and lived in the temple?" If the children do not remember, tell the story without further preface. If they do, bring out the following points by questions: "How old was he? How did so young a child happen to be there? What did his mother do for him? What did he do in the temple? Who was the priest? Did Eli have other helpers beside Samuel? Did they hear the voice of God? Why not? Tell how Samuel heard it. At the close, have the class repeat together Samuel's reply, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

The Childhood of Samuel

Samuel was Hannah's only son, and she loved him so much that she gave him up to serve in the temple at Shiloh. She would have liked to keep him with her, but she was grateful to God for giving her Samuel, and wished the child to be where he could serve God

constantly. So she brought Samuel to the temple when he was such a little boy that you would have thought he was too young to leave his mother.

Eli took care of him. Eli was a priest who lived in the temple day and night. He had two sons of his own, Hophni and Phinehas, who helped him in the services of worship; but they had not been well brought up and gave their father a great deal of trouble. The most they thought of was having something to eat, and when the people came in from the country with offerings for the Lord, Eli's sons kept the best part for themselves and offered to the Lord whatever was left. Eli was so distressed over the behaviour of his sons that he taught Samuel with great care. Samuel learned first to keep the temple fresh and clean. Every morning he opened the doors wide to let in the pure air. Every night he trimmed the lamp which burned before the sacred Ark of the Covenant that Moses, Eli told him, had brought from Mount Sinai. Samuel liked to do this because the Ark was covered with gold which glowed wonderfully in the lamplight when the rest of the temple was dark. He could easily understand why it was believed to be the mercy-seat of God. Most important of all, he helped in the service before the altar. When he began to do this, people came more frequently to the temple. Many had been so disgusted by the behaviour of Eli's wicked sons that they stayed away, but Samuel's purity made them feel that they could worship God more truly. He became a dear and familiar figure, ministering in the temple in a little linen robe, fashioned like Eli's. Each year, when his mother came to worship, she brought him such a robe, which she had made herself.

Thus his life went on very quietly. For although Samuel prayed to God, as Eli had taught him, he never

heard any reply or expected any. Men in those days did not hear the voice of God plainly, as they believed Abraham and Moses had heard it.

One night, Eli lay down as usual, and went to sleep; and Samuel also lay down. The temple was very still and dark except for the single lamp whose light showed the outlines of the ark behind the altar. Samuel was not sure whether he was asleep or not; but he suddenly started up, hearing his name. He ran to Eli's side, calling as he went,

"Here am I."

But Eli said,

"I called not, my son; lie down again."

Samuel was sure then that he had been dreaming, so he went back to his bed and wrapped himself up in the blanket. But he heard a voice say,

"Samuel."

Again Samuel ran to Eli and said,

"Here am I; for thou calledst me."

And again Eli answered,

"I called not, my son; lie down again."

Samuel heard the voice the third time, and went to Eli, saying,

"Here am I; for thou calledst me."

Then Eli knew that God was calling Samuel, so he said,

"Go, lie down; and if he call thee, say, 'Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.' "

So Samuel went and lay down in his place; and the voice came as before, and said,

"Samuel, Samuel."

Then Samuel said,

"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Then God told him that Eli's sons must suffer for the

wrong things they had done; and other things he said of what would happen to Israel.

So Samuel heard, and the word of the Lord came back to Israel. It had come many years before to Abraham and Moses, but men had become too selfish and had done too many wrong things to hear God's voice any longer. Samuel heard as we may all hear if we do right so far as we know how and learn how to listen. Let us all say together the words which Eli told Samuel he should say when God called.

"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

I Samuel 3:9.

Expressional Work

Visualization: How many of you can imagine how Samuel looked? How tall do you think he was? As tall as ————? How old was Eli? Do you think the temple was very dark at night? Why not? Do you know what shape the Ark was? What was said to be within it? Yes, the stone tablets on which were written the Ten Commandments.

The Text: If there is time, all the letters may be colored; otherwise, only the capital. The pupils should not go on with the text until they have colored the capital satisfactorily.

Home Work

The parents may read with the children the story in I Samuel 3: 1-10. The other passages in the Bible narrative can more safely be omitted, as there is much in them beyond the understanding of children. A correlated story is that of Theodore Parker and the

Tortoise.* The children should be encouraged to repeat the text during the week, to finish the coloring at home, if necessary, and to keep it in sight. Such a weekly exhibition of hand-work will not only impress the text on the child's memory, but encourage care in using the crayons.

* Repeated by Mrs. Charles A. Lane in *First Book of Religion*, p. 46. It is also in *The Little Child at the Breakfast Table*, p. 16.

LESSON 10

THE MAN OF GOD

The Purpose

THE intention of this lesson is to continue the story of Samuel, showing how he spoke for God to the people of Israel. Action centres about the choosing of Saul as king. Make it clear that Samuel held the first place, above even the elders of the people, because he was regarded as the one among them all who could hear God's voice clearly. We call him a prophet; they spoke of him as "the Man of God."

The Approach

Recall the story of the child Samuel in the temple. Why did God speak to Samuel instead of to Eli?

The Man of God

Samuel, the little child, had grown up. He was Judge of Israel.

This does not mean that he was one of many judges as he would be to-day. In those far off days, there was only one Judge, and he was the first man in the land. All the people, young and old, rich and poor, asked his advice. If two neighbors quarrelled, they took their trouble to Samuel. If another country made war upon Israel, it was Samuel who told the people when and where to fight. His home, in the town of Ramah, was the most important of all Israel's towns; and next to it came Bethel and Mizpah and Gilead, which

Samuel visited regularly. If any man needed Samuel's help, he went to one of these towns, when he knew that Samuel would be there.

Why did the Israelites choose Samuel for this high place? It was because he could hear God's voice so clearly. When men came to him in trouble, Samuel always asked God what he should do. The people knew this, and they believed that God was their Judge through Samuel. So it was that they called Samuel "the man of God."

For many years he judged Israel, and all went well. But the day came, when he found himself growing old. He had two sons, and he thought,

"They should carry on my work. They are young and strong. They could go to Bethel and Mizpah and Gilead and not be tired as I am. I will make them Judges of Israel, and the people will receive them because they are my sons."

How glad these sons should have been to help so good a father! You and I would have gone about from place to place, and have listened to the people's troubles, and have told them just what to do when the Philistines came up to make war. You and I would have told God all about it and asked him to tell us the best thing to do and say.

But Samuel's sons made mistakes. They were quite willing to judge the people, but they did not think it necessary to ask God what to do. It looked very much as if they and God were strangers. They did not succeed as judges, and the people came back to Samuel and found fault.

"Behold, thou art old," they said, "and thy sons walk not in thy ways: now make us a king to judge us like all the nations."

Samuel did not like to have the people ask for a king.

He wished them to have no king but God. But he took the matter before God as he always did, and asked what he should do.

God told Samuel to listen to the people; but first he must tell them what a king would be like. Perhaps they would change their minds when they knew.

Samuel called the people together and said,

"A king will take your sons and make them care for his chariots and his horses. Some of you will be captains of large and some of small companies, not as ye deserve but as he pleases. Others must plow his ground and reap his harvest, or make his armor and chariots. He will take your daughters for perfumers and cooks and bakers. Your fields and vineyards and olive-orchards, the very best of them, he will give to his servants. He will use your servants for his own work. He will take a tenth part of your flocks and make slaves of all of you. Then ye will be sorry because ye have chosen a king."

But the people said,

"No, we must have a king, so that we shall be like other nations. A king will lead us in war, and fight our battles."

Samuel sent them home, and went away himself. He came to a town on a hill, and stayed there for a little. The townspeople were glad to see him. He told them he had come there to offer sacrifice, which means that he would build a fire on an altar and worship God before it. He often did this at the little towns, and all the people who lived there came to worship with him. But the day before the sacrifice, Samuel asked God what he should do about finding a king for Israel. It was the hardest thing he had ever had to do. He wanted very much to find a man who would be a great leader, and who would obey the voice of God. So he

prayed most earnestly; and God told him not to be worried, that he would find a king on the morrow.

To-morrow came, and Samuel went out from the house where he was staying and started for the hill-top; for it was there that he was to offer sacrifice. As he passed the gate-way, a young man came through in haste, as if he were looking for someone whom he feared to miss. He stopped when he saw Samuel, and the two looked at each other earnestly.

"Canst thou tell me," said the young man, "where to find the house of the man of God?"

Samuel did not answer for a minute. He had never seen such a man as this. He was taller than Samuel himself, who had to throw his head back to look into the young man's eyes. He was head and shoulders above the servant who followed him. Surely, this was the man who should be king of Israel.

Then Samuel remembered that the young man had asked him a question.

"I am the man of God," he said, "but go before me to the hill-top, for thou shalt eat with me to-day: and in the morning I will let thee go."

And he added, after another keen glance,

"Shouldst not thou have the kingdom of Israel?"

Now this young man was Saul, son of Kish, who had never thought his family very important. They had always been simple people, and Saul had only gone far away from home to-day because he was hunting for his father's asses which had strayed away and were lost. When he heard Samuel speak of him as king, he was almost too astonished to speak. But he went with Samuel to the hill-top, and allowed him to place him at the head of the table and give him the best food there was. And after the sacrifice, he followed Samuel to his house and heard how Israel wanted a king, one

who would lead the people in war and fight their battles. Saul straightened his broad shoulders and thought that being a king would not be so hard.

In the morning, Saul rose early and they went through the town together. When they came outside the gate, Samuel said,

"Command thy servant to go ahead, but stand thou still, that thou mayest hear from me the word of God."

Samuel had brought with him a vial of precious oil, such as is used to consecrate a man who was to be king. He poured a little on Saul's head and kissed him, saying,

"Has not the Lord anointed thee to be prince over his inheritance?"

So Israel's first king stood before Samuel in the early morning sunshine.

It was several days later that Samuel presented Saul to the people; and he stood head and shoulders above them all.

"See ye him whom the Lord hath chosen, that there is none like him among the people?" asked Samuel.

And all the people shouted, and said,

"God save the king!"

(*Adapted from I Samuel 8, 9, and 10*).

Expressional Work

A skeleton story is provided with this lesson. The following key is furnished for the teacher.

The Man of God

When Samuel grew to be a (man), he heard God's (voice) as clearly as when it had called him in the (temple). So he became Judge, or ruler of Israel,

because he could (speak) for (God) who is ruler over all. But when Samuel was (old), and not strong enough to be Judge, the people asked for a (king). The man whom Samuel chose was named (Saul). He was tall and (strong), and could lead the people in (war); and Samuel hoped that he would also (obey) God.

The acorn is used in the design because it is the fruit of the oak, which suggests strength, like that of "the Man of God."

Dramatization: While parts of the story are purely descriptive, there are dramatic possibilities. There might be a division into two acts, with several scenes in each.

ACT I. The Demand of the People for a King.
Scene 1. The request of the people. *Scene* 2. Samuel's prayer for help. *Scene* 3. His speech to the people.

ACT. II. The Anointing of Saul.
Scene 1. The meeting between Samuel and Saul. *Scene* 2. The feast on the hilltop. *Scene* 3. The anointing. *Scene* 4. The presentation of Saul to the people.

Home Work

References for Bible readings with the children are I Samuel 7: 15-17; 8: 1-22; 9: 1-14, 18-27; 10: 1, 17-26. For poetry, read "The Inner Voice," by William Channing Gannett, in *The Little Child at the Breakfast Table*, p. 17.

LESSON 11

HOW SAMUEL MET DAVID

The Purpose

ABOVE the heavy chords of this dramatic story, runs one clear theme: the man who listens to God and obeys him is strong; he who disobeys is weak, even though he be a king. Ethically speaking, obedience is the strongest note, but there is also a suggestion of perseverance, in Samuel's disappointment and his courage in starting out to try again. Children of eight are often as much in need of encouragement in perseverance as in exhortation to obedience; so a few questions are asked after the lesson to bring out this element in the story.

The Approach

Talk with the class about kings. Find out their idea of a king's power. If you use any modern examples, choose kings whose power corresponds to that of the kings of Israel, like the Czar or the Kaiser. A king is apt to be a picturesque figure to a child's imagination, and this is a point to be considered in teaching the lesson; but don't take the wind out of your sails by belittling a king here. Let the story do that.

Bring two of the principal characters before the class by questions about the previous lesson. Who can tell me who Saul was? Who made him king?

Do not stop for further questions, but proceed at once with the story.

How Samuel Met David

Saul was forty years old when he began to reign, and he reigned two years over Israel. Only two years! A very short time it was for a man so young; but Saul, in spite of his wonderful beauty and strength, disobeyed the voice of God.

The Amalekites were a tribe of wicked people, and Saul prepared to make war upon them. He had no fear. He was making war constantly and successfully on the Philistines. He was a great warrior and he knew it. Moreover, he had every mighty man of Israel on his side. And when he conquered a town, he took the best of their cattle and sheep and camels and asses for himself and his mighty men.

Saul and his army were ready to march upon Amalek, when Samuel came before the king; for Samuel still brought the word of God to Israel, and Saul respected and feared him.

"When thou takest Amalek," said Samuel, "thou shalt not bring away ox or sheep, camel or ass. This is the word of the Lord. Hearken thou unto it."

Saul summoned his army and counted them; two hundred and ten thousand there were. He marched into the valley before Amalek and destroyed the city utterly. But when he saw how fat and good were the sheep and lambs and oxen, he forgot the word of the Lord and took them away with him.

Back in his tent, he looked up and saw Samuel coming.

"Blessed be thou of the Lord," said Saul, "I have conquered Amalek."

And Samuel said,

"What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?"

And Saul said,

"They have brought them from the Amalekites: for the people saved the best of the sheep and of the oxen, to sacrifice to the Lord thy God."

(For so it was in those days. They thought God liked offerings of sheep and oxen, and they called it a sacrifice.)

And Samuel said,

"Hath the Lord as great delight in sacrifices of sheep and oxen as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice. Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king."

Saul bowed his head in shame. "I have sinned," he said, "I have disobeyed the command of God and thy word because I feared the people and obeyed their voice. Forgive me."

But Samuel turned to go away.

Saul caught the skirt of his robe, and it tore in his hand. Then Samuel said,

"The Lord hath rent the kingdom from thee this day and hath given it to a neighbor of thine that is better than thou."

But when Saul again said, "I have sinned," and begged Samuel not to disgrace him before the people and the mighty men of his army, Samuel was sorry for him and turned and worshipped God with him before all Israel.

But Samuel could not forget. The man he had chosen for king was a failure. He did not obey; and even a child can obey. What, then should he do?

The Lord put the thought in his heart to go to Bethlehem.

Samuel filled his horn-shaped vial with precious oil and went to look for another king. He came to Bethlehem, and among those who met him were Jesse and his

sons. The sons were strong men who had fought in Saul's army; and when Samuel looked at the eldest, he thought, "Surely he is the Lord's Anointed" (meaning he who shall be anointed king of Israel). But the thought came to Samuel,

"Look not at his face or his height. The Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

Samuel remembered Saul who was so tall and beautiful to look at, and looked at the second of Jesse's sons. But he said to himself,

"Neither hath the Lord chosen this one."

The others passed by, one by one, and still Samuel said,

"Neither hath the Lord chosen these. Are here all thy children?"

"There remaineth yet the youngest," said Jesse, "and behold, he keepeth the sheep."

Then Samuel said to Jesse,

"Send and fetch him."

Jesse sent and David was brought in. Samuel looked into his eyes and felt that the Lord was saying,

"Arise, anoint him: for this is he."

So Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed David in the midst of his brothers.

But Saul was still king in name, and Samuel knew that David's time had not yet come. For the present, the boy David was sent back to the sheep-pasture. He wondered a little what it all meant; but he obeyed without asking any questions.

Application

Why did Saul disappoint Samuel? How do you think Samuel felt about it? Is it hard to try again?

What helped Samuel to try? Why do you think he chose David? Can you imagine what David may have looked like?

Expressional Work

Dramatization: The story divides itself into three scenes, two outside Saul's tent, before and after the battle with Amalek, and one outside the gates of Bethlehem. Samuel and Saul are the only actors in the tent scenes. Samuel should stand very straight in the first scene, Saul is gracious; in the second, he crouches. The conversation may be repeated exactly as it is given in the story. For the scene outside Bethlehem, Samuel and Jesse are the only ones who speak. Jesse has seven sons beside David. If the class is not large enough, one child may impersonate more than one son; but David should take only one part. He does not appear in the scene until he is called for. So the successful acting of this part of the story calls for four pupils at least, ten at best. If there are yet other children, they may represent the people of Bethlehem. The story is unusually adaptable, either for tableaux or for dramatization.

If this form of expressional work is impossible for any reason, a text is provided to be memorized and colored.

"Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice."
I Samuel 15:22.

Home Work

The story is adapted from I Samuel 13: 1, 14: 52, 15: 1-31, 16: 1-13. The adaptation has been difficult, and the parent is advised not to add to it from the Bible narrative. There is much in this story, as writ-

ten in the Old Testament, foreign to our ideas of God. So I have avoided making the Lord responsible for the destruction of Amalek, and have used only those portions absolutely necessary for making clear Saul's sin of disobedience.

LESSON 12

Thanksgiving Lesson

THE PASTOR OF THE PILGRIMS

The Purpose

The story of John Robinson is introduced as a lesson appropriate to the Thanksgiving season; but he fits into this group as "a man of God", one who carried God's word to the people. It was for the freer preaching of that word and the extension of his church that the emigration of the Pilgrims was planned. So little detail is known of his life that it is a difficult subject to make interesting to children. It is hoped that he will not appear to them as one of the steel engravings of our church fathers, but as a picture full of color. In telling the story, emphasize the man's courage and perseverance in putting through the difficult adventure of crossing to Holland, staying until the last himself, like the captain of a sinking ship. There is a tragedy like that of Moses in the life of John Robinson. Both toiled to lead their people to the Promised Land, both died without having seen it. Appreciation of the tragic element may not be possible for children eight years old, but if the teacher feels it, she can make the story the more impressive.

The Approach

What holiday comes this month? Who can tell me about the first Thanksgiving? Where did the Pilgrims come from?

I have a story for you telling why they came. It is especially about the brave man who sent them.

The Pastor of the Pilgrims

Across the seas in old England is the village of Scrooby. Before New England had been heard of, when only Indians lived on the coast of Massachusetts, the children of Scrooby played games in the shadow of a church spire and ran races down the village street. But often they stopped running to point their fingers at a man who walked quietly by, not appearing to see what they were doing.

After all, the man had a kind face. The children liked him well. They only pointed their fingers because it seemed the thing to do. Their parents laughed at him or would not speak at all whenever they met him. For this was John Robinson, who would not go to their church; and because he would not go and refused to say the prayers which were written in the prayer-book and which they all knew by heart, he was laughed at and the children pointed their fingers at him.

John Robinson did not go to the church whose spire cast such a long shadow over Scrooby because he preferred to say his own prayers. Like the prophet Samuel, he heard the voice of God and was very near to him. He taught others what he heard, and on Sundays, instead of going to the church with the spire, he and they met in a large house with a minister of their own and said their own prayers.

Soon, the people of Scrooby did more than laugh at Robinson and his friends. The church with the spire was the Church of England. The king said that all his people ought to worship there whether they wanted to or not. His officers began to arrest Robinson's

friends and drag them into court and take their money in fines, as punishment for not going to the Church of England.

This was too much. They could stand pointing fingers, although it is not pleasant to have your neighbor laugh at you; but they were not rich enough to pay fines continually even if they were willing to stand such unjust treatment. John Robinson suggested that they go to Holland. He had known some Dutchmen, before he came to live in Scrooby, and they told him that in Amsterdam men could worship God as they pleased. There was no Church of England there.

But leaving England would be no easy matter. To-day if we wish to sail for Europe or Japan, we buy our tickets and go. In those days, anyone wishing to leave England had to get permission from the king himself; and Robinson doubted very much whether the king would give permission. They would have to go without any of his officers knowing it.

Scrooby lies near the port of Boston, after which Boston, Massachusetts, was named. An English captain was found who promised, for a good sum, to take Robinson and his friends to Holland. They were to be the only passengers on board, and he understood, of course, that nothing was to be said about it.

So those men and women and children who would worship God in their own way left Scrooby quietly,—very quietly. Their neighbors hardly knew when they had gone, or wondered why. They came near Boston where the ship should be. They hoped to see it lying in the harbor, with its boats ready to take them aboard, before the king's officers should find them and ask what they were about.

But the harbor was empty! Where could that captain be? Had he had an accident with his ship?

Had he forgotten? A long time they waited, shivering in the cold, for it was fall and winter was in the air. At last, they saw the ship. No officers had seen them. Soon they would be safe.

The captain took them all on board, with their beds and chairs and tables and all their household goods. And then—and then he put into the port of Boston, and gave them all up to the king's officers!

They were laughed at as they had never been before. They were put in prison and kept there a month. Then they had to go back to Scrooby.

But John Robinson was not discouraged. He began at once to plan another secret trip to Holland.

This time, he found a Dutch captain, and hoped he was an honest man. He agreed to meet them farther up the coast, at the mouth of the Humber river. Once more they quietly left Scrooby, and coming to the river, sent the women and children ahead in a small boat. But the boat reached the mouth of the river before the Dutch captain came in sight. For safety's sake, it put into a creek; but the creek was more shallow than they thought, and the boat grounded. There was nothing to do then but wait for the captain to come and take them off.

This he would have done. The men were all on board the big boat, and small boats were going to the rescue of the women and children, when up came the officers of the king. The Dutch captain and part of the men got away. As for the officers, there was nothing they could do with the women. It was the men whom they wanted, and most of them were out of reach by this time.

John Robinson was not among the men who sailed for Holland on that ship. He went back to Scrooby again, and made the best of it. Indeed he was glad not

to have gone since all could not go. Those who were left behind needed him more than the strong men who had escaped to Amsterdam. After that, he succeeded in sending a few at a time to Holland. He himself went with the last party of all.

Can you imagine how those people in Holland felt when they saw John Robinson coming? I think they must have stood on the shore and watched to see his ship come in sight. They saw it grow from a tiny speck to a dark spot with a splash of light where the sails were; they made out the lines of the hull and saw the people standing on deck; and at last they looked once more into the face of John Robinson, with a smile on it, yet with tears running down his cheeks. For it seemed now as if his troubles were all over,—the dreaded officers and the prisons, the unkind laughter and the pointing fingers.

And indeed they were. There was room for all in Holland. After a year, they settled in Leyden. John Robinson bought a large house with room enough not only for his wife and six children but for his friends to meet in on Sunday. He formed a church of his own and was its minister. God was with him always, and he not only preached to his people but wrote many books. It was the happiest time in his life.

There was considerable talk about America in those days, almost as much as there is now. You must remember that it wasn't our country then,—just a few little colonies on the coast and behind them a wilderness which might reach all the way round to the Holy Land for all anyone knew. Holland wasn't a large place then, any more than it is to-day; and there were already a good many people living in it, and these people had their own churches. John Robinson wondered how his little church could ever grow over there.

If new families didn't come in, it would some day disappear altogether. And that is the reason why he began to think about America, with its rivers and forests and mountains, and Indians to be converted. His heart was so big that he was eager to make friends even with the Indians and have them come to his church.

You know already how the Pilgrim Fathers came over in the Mayflower. They were part of John Robinson's church in Leyden. It was he who got the ship and made all the arrangements. But it was the same as when they had left England for Holland; all of them could not go the first time. The Mayflower wasn't large enough to hold them. You remember, perhaps, that there were two ships to start with, but the Speedwell was not a strong ship and had to put back.

John Robinson was among those who stayed behind. He felt that they needed him more than those who were going. But before the Mayflower sailed, he went on board and kneeling down on the deck, asked God to be with them and bring them to a safe harbor. And again the tears ran down his cheeks. He loved them all so much that it was very hard not to be going too. He stood on the shore and watched the Mayflower until she dipped over the edge of the world and was gone.

He hoped again and again to join the colony at Plymouth; but he found it hard to get money enough. He had all that was needed to pay for the passage of himself and his family; but his friends in Holland were poor and he would not desert them. He was like the captain of a ship, the last to leave it even if the ship is going down. So John Robinson died without ever having seen America.

It is sad to think of, but there is one thing we Amer-

icans can do. We can always remember that if it had not been for John Robinson, the Pilgrim Fathers might never have come over here at all. It is one of the things we have to be thankful for that this brave man cared for nothing for himself except freedom to worship his heavenly Father, and that he taught the ancestors of many of us to feel the same way. That is what is meant by the last lines of the hymn we all sing at this season.

"Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained, what here they found:
Freedom to worship God."

Expressional Work

A selection from Psalm 107 (verses 23-31) is printed on the pupils' sheets for a reading lesson. Encourage the children to tell how the Pilgrims were like the people described in the Psalm.

Home Work

Read again the passage from Psalm 107. At this time, children hear much of the Pilgrim Fathers. It will help in carrying out the purpose of the Sunday-school lesson if the parents will lay stress upon the courage of these men who were sent out by John Robinson, and their reason for coming to America. If *The Pilgrim's Progress* by John Bunyan is a household book, compare Robinson with Christian, in his search for the heavenly city, and the dangers he met with.

Read or sing the hymn from which one verse is quoted in the lesson story,—"The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," by Felicia D. Hemans. It will be found in *Apples of Gold*, as well as in many hymn books under the first line, "The breaking waves dashed high."

LESSON 13

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE

The Purpose

As in "How Samuel Met David", the story of Elijah is an illustration of the power of a prophet over a king; but the situation is simpler and more intense. Where Saul was merely disobedient, Ahab is depraved. "He did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord above all that were before him." Elijah's need of perseverance is so much greater than Samuel's that we cease to call it perseverance and name it courage. The lesson shows first that the triumph of the prophet over the priests of Baal was not enough to save him from the wrath of royalty, second that God supports his loyal children. After the message of the "still, small voice," the power of kings is of no account.

The Approach

What was Samuel called? Yes, a prophet. What is a prophet? It is one who hears God's voice so clearly that he speaks for God to the people. Which was stronger, Samuel or Saul? Why?

To-day we are to hear about another prophet and another king, and wonderful things which happened to the prophet, whose name was Elijah.

The Still, Small Voice

Elijah was a prophet in Israel when Ahab was king. Ahab was a bad king, far worse than Saul; for although

King Saul did not obey God, yet he believed in him, while Ahab had married the wicked woman Jezebel, and like her did not believe in Elijah's God at all. Instead Ahab and Jezebel worshipped a false god whom they called Baal. Worst of all, they forced the people of Israel to worship him too, and the true prophets of God had to hide in caves to save their lives.

Elijah did not hide in a cave; he went to live in the wilderness where no one could find him. But before he went, he towered before Ahab, as the king sat on his throne, and told him that no rain would fall in Samaria because of his wickedness. Then, before the king could seize him, Elijah was gone.

Elijah was right. For a long time no rain fell, until there was a famine like that in Egypt in the days of Joseph. But here, there was no Joseph to help, and the people all suffered, Ahab and Jezebel as much as the rest. Then Ahab began to wish that Elijah would come back, for he was afraid of him and thought that he might have power to stop the drought, since he had known that it was coming.

Elijah came and Ahab went to meet him. When Ahab saw him he said,

"Is it thou, thou troubler of Israel?"

Elijah answered,

"I have not troubled Israel: it is thou, because thou hast forgotten God and followed the prophets of Baal. Now send, and gather all Israel before me at Mount Carmel, and call the prophets of Baal."

Ahab sent and gathered them all together at Mount Carmel. Elijah stood on the lower slopes of the mountain and spoke to the people.

"How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him."

The people said not a word.

Then Elijah said,

"I, even I only, am left a prophet of the Lord; but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men. Let them build an altar to Baal and put wood on it, but no fire; and I will build an altar to God and put wood on it but no fire. Let them call on the name of their god, and I will call on the name of the Lord: and the God that answereth by fire, let him be God."

So they built their altars; and the prophets of Baal called on the name of Baal from morning until noon, crying, "O Baal, hear us." But there was no answer.

"Cry aloud," said Elijah. "Perhaps he is asleep."

So they cried louder, from noon until evening. But there was no answer.

Then Elijah poured water over his altar until it ran down into the trenches. And he stood before it and lifted his eyes to the sky and said,

"O Lord, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art God, and that thou hast turned their hearts back to thee."

Then lightning fell from heaven and the fire burnt the wood upon the altar and played over the water that was in the trench. And the people fell upon their faces and cried,

"The Lord he is God: the Lord he is God."

Clouds began to gather, until the sky was black with them; and there was wind and a great rain. King Ahab rode in his chariot before the storm and Elijah ran with him into the city. For Elijah had triumphed. He had won the people back to God.

But Jezebel was angry at the defeat of her prophets, and next day Elijah was warned to make his escape before Jezebel took his life.

This time, Elijah went far, far into the wilderness.

He wanted to die. What was the use of trying to save the people of Israel with such a queen as Jezebel and such a king as Ahab? Now that he could not stay with them, they would worship Baal again. All his work had gone for nothing. He was alone, with no one to comfort him.

He lived in a cave on a mountain. One day, a strong wind broke the rocks in pieces; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind came an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire, a still, small voice. When Elijah heard that, he went to the door of his cave and hid his face in his cloak. The voice said,

"What doest thou here, Elijah?"

And he said,

"The children of Israel have forsaken thee, and I, only I, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away."

And the voice said to Elijah,

"Go; return on thy way."

So Elijah went back. He obeyed the voice of God and it gave him courage. He did even more for Israel after his return than he had before; for he found for her a new king and gained for himself a follower who became the prophet Elisha and carried on his, Elijah's, work.

Expressional Work

Dramatization: This is one of the most dramatic stories in the Bible, and the acting of it should have an especially strong moral effect on the pupil who takes the part of Elijah. He should "tower" before the king and queen in the first scene, and be superior to the prophets of Baal in the second; but in the third and last scene, before the cave on the mountain, he stands

with bowed head in the presence of the Voice which is greater than he.

A skeleton story is furnished as a substitute, if necessary, for dramatization.

Key to the Skeleton Story

Elijah was a (prophet) in Israel when Ahab was (king) and Jezebel (queen). They did not believe in (God); they built altars to a false (god) whom they called Baal.

Elijah never let anyone forget that he was a (prophet). He made the (people) believe in the (true) God once more. But Ahab and Jezebel were so (angry) that he had to run away to the wilderness and live in a (cave) on a mountain.

He stood at the front of the cave and felt that God was very (near). A great strong (wind) blew, but God was not in the (wind); and after the (wind) there was an (earthquake), but God was not in that; and after the (earthquake) a (fire), but God was not in the (fire); and after the (fire) came a still, small (voice). And the (voice) told Elijah to go (back) and work again for Israel.

Home Work

If the time in class is used for dramatic expression, the skeleton story may be filled in at home. Bible references for this lesson are I Kings 16: 30-32; 17: 1-18; 19: 9-15. It might be well at this time to omit those verses which tell of the slaying of the prophets of Baal. Review Dr. Gannett's poem, "The Inner Voice." (See "Home Work," Lesson 10).

LESSON 14

THE CALL OF ISAIAH

The Purpose

ISAIAH is among the greatest of prophets. His words form a part of one of the most inspiring books in the Old Testament. His sayings are almost as well known as those of Jesus; indeed, there is probably no one of God's prophets besides Jesus, with the possible exception of the apostle Paul, who has made such a lasting impression upon the religious life of humanity.

Isaiah is represented in this group of lessons by the story of the Call. The purpose of this particular lesson is identical with that of the entire group,—"Here am I; send me." We are not all prophets, but God has chosen each one of us to do something. The story of Cosette and the stranger is told to show that we should all help according to our ability, and that God helps others through us.

The Approach

The theme of the opening talk should be service to those weaker than ourselves. With the children of your class, it may be younger brothers or sisters, or it may be little children seen on the street. It may be an elderly or infirm person. This class of people is sometimes treated thoughtlessly, especially in the snow-balling season.

Isaiah—the children may know the name, because of the book about him in our Bible—thought earnestly

about people who needed help. He was a gentleman who lived in the king's court in Jerusalem, and the king was fond of him; but Isaiah saw many things which made him angry. He could not endure to see rich women thinking only of their bracelets and earrings and fine clothes, while poor mothers worked hard to get bread for their little fatherless children.

One day, when Isaiah was in the temple, he had a vision, which is like a dream; only we often cannot remember our dreams when we wake in the morning. Visions are dreams which seem real, so real that those who see them never forget. Isaiah wrote down this vision of his, and those who have read it have never forgotten it either. This is what he wrote, very much as it is printed in the Bible.

I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. Above him stood the seraphim, like great angels: each one had six wings; with two he covered his face, and with two he covered his feet, and with two he did fly. And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory. And the foundations of the thresholds were shaken at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke. Then said I, What am I to do! for I am a man of unclean lips, not fit to speak God's word, and I live in the midst of a people of unclean lips: and mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts. Then one of the seraphim flew unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar: and he touched my mouth with it, and it burned not the flesh; and he said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thy sin is purified. And I heard the voice of the Lord saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.

(*Adapted from Isaiah 6: 1-8.*)

Thus Isaiah was sent by God to help his poor, weak people. His very name "Isaiah" means "God helps." And when we read about it, it makes us wish to help, too.

To-day's story is about a little girl who was poor, and how a kind man made her happy.

Cosette and the "Lady"

Cosette stood in front of the toy shop. It was evening and the shop was brilliantly lighted. In the window was an enormous doll, two feet high, dressed in a pink crepe gown. It had real hair and enamel eyes. Cosette had never had a doll, so she looked at this one with wistful eyes. She called it the "lady."

She was on her way to the spring, for a bucket of water. This was in a country village in France, and water did not run through the town in pipes. The villagers had to carry their water, and it was often hard work. Cosette knew it would be hard. Her bucket was heavy when it was full. She staggered under the weight of it, and had to rest often. But a man who had just arrived at the inn must have water for his horse, so Cosette had to leave the fascinating window of the toy shop, and hurry to the spring.

On the way back, when it seemed to her as if she could not carry the heavy bucket another step, a strange man joined her and took the bucket. Cosette was glad. She did not feel at all afraid of the stranger. She understood without being told that he was there to help her.

They went together to the inn. It was the only home Cosette knew, although the inn-keeper and his wife were not her father and mother. Her mother had been a poor woman who had to work for a living, and she had left Cosette with the inn-keeper's wife to be

taken care of. She sent money every month to pay board for the little girl; but now, the mother was dead, and Madame Thenardier, the inn-keeper's wife, made Cosette work too hard. She did not understand that little girls should not work all day. And yet she had two daughters of her own, not much older than Cosette, who had dolls and pretty clothes. Cosette, indeed, was very much like Cinderella, who sat in the cinders while her step-sisters went about richly dressed.

The stranger went home with Cosette, and asked to spend the night at the inn. He sat quietly in a corner, and saw how she wore ragged clothes and how Madame Thenardier did not care whether Cosette was cold or not. Her own little girls sat by the fire, in their pretty dresses, and played with their doll. But presently, they caught up the kitten, and dressed it in the doll's clothes, and the doll fell to the floor unnoticed.

Cosette saw the doll. She watched her chance. Then, when she thought no one was looking, she caught it up, and rocked it in her arms. She turned so that the doll should be in the shadow, but the joy of playing with it was so great, that she did not notice that one pink boot was in the light.

Presently, one of the little girls caught sight of this pink boot. She ran to her mother. The next instant, poor little Cosette was ordered to put down the doll.

Cosette laid the doll on the floor very gently. Then she clasped her hands tightly and burst into tears.

The stranger got up and went out. A few minutes later, he came back with the doll from the toy shop across the street. He put it down before Cosette, saying,

"Here, this is for you."

"Is it true, sir?" said Cosette, "Is the lady really mine?"

The man nodded, and placed the "lady's" little hand in hers. Cosette seized the doll passionately.

"I will call her Catherine," she said.

That night, she went off to bed, carrying the doll in her arms.

In the morning, the man had a talk with the innkeeper. It resulted in his taking away Cosette. For this man had known her mother, and had come to the town in search of her. He had brought a warm new dress which Cosette put on in place of the ragged one.

Cosette put her hand into that of the kind man and they left the inn forever. She looked happily up at the sky, and in her other arm, she carried the large doll, the "lady" whom she had named Catherine.

(*Retold from "Les Miserables" by Victor Hugo.*)

Memory Verse

I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then I said, Here am I; send me.

Isaiah 6:8.

Expressional Work

The memory verse is too long to be colored in class, but the capital may be decorated. If there is time, encourage the children to talk about what they can do to help others. Ask them to think about it during the week, and be ready to tell you next Sunday what new ways they have found.

Home Work

If the children are skillful enough, they may color the letters of the text at home, but the type is too small for the younger pupils. Have the memory verse repeated, and keep in the children's minds what the teacher has said about helping others who are weak.

LESSON 15

THE BOY JESUS IN THE TEMPLE

The Purpose

THIS lesson is intended to come during the Christmas season. The story shows that Jesus likes to stay in the temple because he feels at home in it—he calls it his Father's house—and because he finds there an opportunity to learn, to satisfy his eager curiosity. This eagerness to listen and to speak concerning what he hears places him among the Children of Prophecy. Finally, he obeys his parents, is "subject unto them"; but this phase may be touched lightly, through reference to the several other lessons on obedience which have occurred in the course.

The Approach

Whose birthday do we celebrate this month? Where was Jesus said to have been born? Did his parents live there? Where was their home?

The Boy Jesus in the Temple

Nazareth lies well to the north of Bethlehem, among the hills. There Joseph and Mary took the baby Jesus, and there he grew up. What do you suppose a little boy could do in that far-away town, so many years ago? He probably played out-of-doors whenever he could, for the houses were not large. There is a story of his making birds out of clay. He must have gone fishing with the other boys. I am sure that his

father Joseph told him many stories, like those I have been telling you, of Joseph and Moses and Samuel, of Saul and David,—especially of David. There were plenty of chances for Jesus to help his mother. Water was not piped into the houses then, and Jesus could help very much by filling the water-jar at the fountain. When he was old enough, he helped his father, too, in the carpenter-shop.

We do not know where Jesus went to school, but he probably was taught in the synagogue, which was like a church on the Sabbath, and a school-house on other days. He learned how to read and write, and many things he learned by heart. This is one of them:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might."

He had been taught to say this as soon as he could talk. He said it every night before he went to sleep and every morning when he woke up. The congregation recited it all together when they were at service in the synagogue. You can see that all his life long, Jesus would never forget it.

Nazareth was a small town where nothing exciting ever happened, but once a year, many of the grown people who were not too old to travel, as well as the children who were more than twelve years old, went to Jerusalem to celebrate the feast of the Passover. For in those days boys did not have to wait until they were twenty-one to be declared of age. To Jesus that twelfth birthday was a long time in coming; but at last he could go with his parents on the three-day journey which would take them to Jerusalem, where the great temple stood. Jesus thought of it as the house of God whom he had been taught to love, and he could hardly wait to see it!

That was before the days of steam and electricity.

The pilgrims to Jerusalem travelled on foot, or rode on camels and asses, if they were not strong enough to walk. As they travelled, others joined them until they were a long procession, winding among the hills and across the plains. On the third day, they came within sight of Jerusalem and its shining temple. Then it seemed the most natural and right thing to Jesus that all the people should sing. They sang those wonderful songs which he had heard in the synagogue at Nazareth, and he joined in them with a full heart. We to-day call them "Songs of Ascent," because ascent means going up, and they were sung by the pilgrims as they went up the hill toward Jerusalem.*

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help?
My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth."

Can any of you tell me where that song is? It is in our Bible, in the Book of Psalms, where many of these songs are written. We do not know what the music was, but it must have sounded very beautiful, with so many voices, all glad because they were near Jerusalem.

When they came into the city, it must have seemed large and confusing to Jesus. There were so many strange people that he could hardly find his friends in the crowd. He liked better to wander about the temple, with its wide courts and white marble colonnades. There he found a group of wise men, and he sat down near by, to hear what they were saying. He

* These Psalms are numbers 120-134. There are still other reasons for calling them Psalms of Ascent. The ascent referred to may have been that from Babylon to Jerusalem, or they may be so called because of their elevation of thought. That mentioned in the story is most easily adapted to the understanding of children.

found that they were talking about all sorts of things he wanted to know, things he could not learn about at home; and since they did not mind, he came nearer yet, even asking questions of his own, and finding he could answer theirs in such a way that they liked to listen to him.

And then,—do you know this story? Do you remember what happened? Yes, Jesus was so interested in talking with these wise men that he forgot to go home! It was the last day in Jerusalem, and the pilgrims started on their homeward journey. Joseph and Mary supposed Jesus was with some friend. You see he must have been a reliable boy, who could take chre of himself, or they would not have travelled all day without looking for him. Then, as you remember, taey went back to seek for him in the great city, and they were very much worried. I wonder what Jesus must have thought when he found that he had been left behind. There were doubtless kind people in the city who would care for him that night, and the next morning he went back to the temple, thinking that his father and mother would come there to look for him. While he waited, he again listened eagerly to the talk of the wise men, again he asked questions and answered theirs. The time seemed short before he saw Joseph and Mary coming toward him.

"Child," said Mary, anxiously, "why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I sought thee sorrowing."

Jesus looked surprised. He had supposed that they would find him at once.

"How is it that ye sought me?" he asked, "did ye not know that I must be in my Father's house?"

But he went with them at once, and they returned to Nazareth. There he helped them as he had before,

drawing water for his mother, and working in the carpenter-shop with Joseph. And every morning when he awoke, and every night before he slept, he said these words:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might."

Look on your sheets for to-day and see what is printed there. How is it different from what Jesus learned when he was a boy?

Memory Verse

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

Matthew 22:37.

(Have the pupils point out the difference.) We shall learn it this way, because Jesus is reported to have said it to a lawyer in the temple, many years after his first visit. He called it the "great and first commandment."

Application

Where do you think Jesus learned the verse in the first place? (Probably his parents taught him, but let the class answer.) Can we learn everything at home? Where else do we go? What do we have to-day which is like the temple? Yes, the church. Who are the scholars, or doctors in our churches? Those who know more than we do, like the minister and the teachers. Every class may be a little group like Jesus and the scholars in the temple; we may all talk over the things we wish to learn about, and we may all ask questions, pupils as well as teachers. Next Sunday, I wish every one of you might have a question about

this lesson to ask the rest of the class. (It might be possible to make a permanent feature of this; some classes have a question box, into which the children put their questions, written on slips of paper for the teacher's consideration. Then they are drawn out by the pupils and answered by the class. The success of such a plan depends upon the maturity of the pupils. In any case, encourage the asking of questions, whether they are written or not.)

Expressional Work

The print from Hofmann's picture is to be pasted into the frame, which the pupil may color.

Home Work

The account in Luke 2: 41-51 may be read with the parents. Explain that the phrase "was subject unto them" means that he obeyed his parents. Encourage the bringing in of questions, and have the text memorized before the following Sunday.

LESSON 16

JOHN THE BAPTIST

Review of the Previous Lesson

THIS includes a recitation of the memory verse—"the great and first commandment"—and a few minutes of conversation about the Bible story of Jesus in the temple. How many have read it? Who can tell the story? If the hand-work has been finished at home, ask to see it.

The Purpose of To-Day's Lesson

John the Baptist is shown as one who delivers his message without fear of consequences. He was not a soother of consciences; he did not think of having his message accepted because of the charm of his personality. He did not even care if people laughed at him; or if he did care, he let no one know, but went on telling the truth as he saw it. Children are so sensitive to ridicule that they will surely appreciate John's courage in this respect, although full appreciation of his fearlessness may come only with maturity.

The Approach

Were you ever afraid to tell the truth? Did you ever feel that you ought to tell it, but that other children would make fun of you, if you did? (If the class is ready with personal experiences, so much the better; but if they do not remember readily, or are unwilling to tell, supply some little modern incident which will

serve as an introduction to the story of John the Baptist.)

The Fearlessness of John the Baptist

Do you remember the story of the birth of John the Baptist, and how glad his father and mother were to have him? I feel sure that when he was old enough to listen, his father told him many interesting stories, of Saul the first king of Israel, and of David the shepherd boy who also became king. But of all the stories, the one which John liked best was that of Elijah the prophet. He thought that he would like himself to live out of doors all the time, to wander over mountains and beside little brooks and to sleep in caves. How wonderful it would be to preach as Elijah did and to have even kings obey you!

John's father also told him another story which he never forgot, of how their dearly loved country, once free and ruled by such kings as David, was now subject to a foreign people, the hated Romans. This was shameful; but John's father and all his neighbors believed that some day God would send a king who would be a descendant of David himself and who would drive out the Romans and make their country free once more. John thought of this often, and hoped the king would come soon.

When John grew older, he decided that he must go into the country as Elijah had done, so that he could think better, and perhaps learn how to talk to the people as powerfully as Elijah could. He said good-by to his father and mother with a lump in his throat, for he did not know when he should see them again. They went with him to the edge of the village and watched him out of sight.

John went on and on until he could not see so much

as a shepherd's hut, even from the hill-tops. He enjoyed living out of doors just as he had believed he would. He liked the wild honey which the bees had stored away in the rocks; he liked to hear the wind tearing through the roughened tops of the pine trees; he liked seeing the sky grow dark with scudding clouds which opened here and there to let through long, sliding rays of light. All that was stern and wild delighted him more than the blue skies and green meadows. Sometimes, in the midst of jutting rocks, he would listen for the still, small voice which Elijah heard outside the cave; and he heard it often and knew that he must carry its message back to the people,

"Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

What did this mean? The kingdom would come, the new kingdom for which he had hoped; but it would be a kingdom in which people must obey the laws of God, speak the truth without fear, be kind to one another. And now, many people were not doing these things. The rich were not kind to the poor. The laws of God were broken every day. As for himself, he knew that he at least must not be afraid to go back to towns and cities, and to speak the truth as he believed it, no matter whether people liked it or not.

He followed the little brook beside him until it joined the river Jordan, and he came to a place where there were people. They were astonished people, too, when they saw this young man in a shirt of camel's hair with a leather belt. He was standing on a little mound by the river, and saying something in a deep and powerful voice. They drew nearer to find out what it was. Others came and still others.

"Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

Then John told the people why they needed to repent of the wrong things they were doing every day;

and although there were rich men there who had power to arrest him, and there were others who laughed at his simple clothes, his strong voice never faltered. He would speak the truth without fear.

He was glad that he did, for all the people did not laugh. Many listened to what he was saying, and after he stopped, they came up to say that they were sorry for all the wrong things they had done, that they did repent; and they went down into the river with John to be baptized as a sign that they would lead clean lives hereafter.

So John went on preaching and urging people to get ready for the kingdom. And one day, a young man about his own age came up and asked to be baptized. Can any of you think who this might be? Yes, it was Jesus, who had heard of John's wonderful preaching, and had come to listen. Jesus asked to be baptized, so they went down into the river together. After that, John was even more glad that he had spoken God's word as he had heard it, for he believed that this young man would also speak the truth fearlessly and with great power; and that he would help bring in the kingdom of heaven.

Expressional Work

Show the children the picture, "John the Baptist" by Andrea del Sarto. Tell them that it is not a portrait; nobody knows exactly how he looked: but we like to remember this picture because it looks like a boy who would be brave, and not afraid to tell the truth.

The picture is to be pasted into the frame, which may be colored either in class or at home.

Home Work

Of the Bible references to John the Baptist, the safest for children is the account in the Gospel of Mark, the first chapter, beginning with the fourth verse and ending with the eighth. It is undesirable to confuse the child's mind with Messianic imagery, John's violent denunciations of the Pharisees, or the symbol of the dove at the baptism of Jesus.

Any unfinished hand-work can be completed as usual. This is a favorable time for calling attention to the possible relationship between Jesus and John. Although the statement that they were cousins is not very authentic, they appear together as infants in many of the most famous paintings with which our children are apt to be familiar, such as the "Madonna of the Chair" and "La Belle Jardiniere," both by Raphael, and the "Holy Families" of Titian.

LESSON 17

ON THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS

The Purpose

THE conversion of the apostle Paul is one of the most famous instances of direct inspiration in the history of religion; it is also marvellous enough to appeal especially to children. The prophetic group of lessons would not be complete without it. Like the story of John the Baptist, it teaches a lesson in courage. Paul must have been highly thought of among the ruling classes at Jerusalem, all the more for his conspicuous zeal in persecuting the followers of Jesus. He was equally feared by the disciples. All at once, he faces about, leaves the people whom he had found friendly and allies himself with those who distrust and fear him. Whatever we may believe about the physical possibilities of his vision, there cannot be the least doubt that the call was imperative to have turned Paul from such earnest convictions. He is one of the greatest among the Children of Prophecy,—that is, those who hear clearly the word of God and act upon it.

The Approach

Recall the death of Jesus, not in detail, but as a fact. If the class has had the preceding book in this course, "*Living Together*," refer to the lesson "How Jesus Gave Himself," and also to "The Healing of the Cripple at the Gate Beautiful."

Picture the friends of Jesus going about Jerusalem

and telling others how good he was, how much they had loved him, how he had said that people should live. But there were many in the city who had not known Jesus. They thought he was a dangerous man who deserved to die. They tried to stop all this talk, but the disciples went on talking more than ever. At last, the rulers arrested a man named Stephen, because so many listened to him and were beginning to believe in Jesus as he did. Stephen was a brave man and said such fearless things at the trial that the Jews took him out and stoned him to death. It was a terrible thing to do, and it frightened some of the disciples so that they left Jerusalem and went to other cities where they hoped they might be safe. Those who stayed were hunted down by the Jews and dragged to prison. Our story to-day is about one of these Jews.

On the Road to Damascus

Saul—not the king! that was many years before Jesus lived—had come to Jerusalem to study law. He studied hard until he knew the law well. Daily he went to the temple. Like the boy Jesus, he listened to the disputes of the wise doctors. And while Saul was studying and listening, Jesus, the young teacher, was put to death on a hill just outside the city.

Saul believed that it was right that Jesus should be put to death. He knew nothing of him except what he had heard the Jews say. When the disciples began to appear on street corners and say that Jesus was the greatest of teachers and the Son of God as well, Saul was in a temper over it. Did he not know who were the great teachers, he who had studied the law? When Stephen was stoned to death, the men who did the deed laid their garments at Saul's feet, and he

guarded them as well as he could for his interest in the stoning. Afterward, Saul began to search out disciples himself. He hunted so hard and dragged so many disciples to prison that the Jews praised him and thought him a brave fellow and one who would be a lawyer of note. Perhaps he himself would be among the doctors in the temple some day.

Saul was so pleased with his success that he was eager to follow those disciples who had left Jerusalem for other cities. He went to the high priest and begged him to send him to Damascus, so that if he found anyone there, man or woman, who believed in Jesus, he might bring him bound to Jerusalem. The priest gave him letters giving him the right to make arrests, and Saul started in high spirits.

But when they had come near to Damascus, suddenly there shone round about Saul a light out of heaven: and he fell upon the earth, and heard a voice saying,

"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the goad."

"Who art thou, Lord?" said Saul.

And the voice said,

"I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: but rise, and enter into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do."

The men who were travelling with Saul stood speechless, hearing the voice but seeing no one. Saul stood up, but he could not see; so they took him by the hand and led him to Damascus.

For three days, Saul could see nothing; but on the third, there came to him one of the followers of Jesus, called Ananias. This man said,

"Brother Saul, the Master, Jesus himself, who appeared unto thee on thy way hither, hath sent me

that thou mayest receive thy sight and be baptized in his name."

All at once, the blindness went from Saul; and he arose and was baptized.

At first it was hard for the disciples to believe that Saul was their friend. They knew what he had done at Jerusalem, they knew why he had come to Damascus; and they were afraid. But Saul, who had studied and could speak so that men must listen, went into the synagogues and preached about Jesus so earnestly that the number of Jesus' followers increased mightily, and the disciples were glad to receive Saul as one of them.

The Jews at Damascus were greatly astonished. They too knew why Saul had come, and they looked to see him arrest many of the men and women who called upon the name of Jesus. Now he had turned upon the authorities and become the most dangerous of the disciples. The Jews were angry and alarmed. They must get Saul out of the way at once before any more people heard him; so they plotted together to kill him. They watched the gates of the city night and day to prevent his getting out.

But one dark night, the disciples let Saul down from the wall in a basket, and he got away safely.

From that day until he died, Saul was loyal to the cause of Jesus. We know him as the apostle Paul, and we respect him the more because he turned from the mistakes he made at first as soon as he knew they were mistakes.

(*Adapted from Acts 8: 1-3; 9: 1-25.*)

Expressional Work

Compare Saul with John the Baptist. Let the children say in what ways they were alike.

The Bible passage telling of Saul's conversion is famous that it is printed on a leaf of the note-book f a reading lesson.

Home Work

Read again with the children the story of Sau conversion, which is told in Acts 9: 1-22; 22: 1-2 26: 9-21. Be sure that there is no confusion in th minds between Saul of Tarsus and Saul the ki anointed by Samuel. Tell them that the Saul this story we know better by his other name, Paul.

PART III

CHILDREN OF GOD'S PEOPLE

THEME

I will be their God, and they shall be my people.
II Corinthians 6:17.

CHILDREN OF GOD'S PEOPLE

The Purpose of the Group

THE theme of this group is the reaching of nations up to their Father, God. It is developed through stories of certain "children" whose loyalty to their people has been especially marked by the religious quality.

"How," I hear some one ask, "can we present an ideal of such magnitude to young children, whose world is limited to their own little circle of life?" Yet even children of eight have a craving for magnitude, for greatness of any sort. They are scornful of littleness. They doubtless must think of their country as a more thrilling expression of themselves; their loyalty is not yet self-sacrificing. But it is time to satisfy their hunger for unlimited power with stories of true national heroism.

In selecting lessons from this group, "Josiah the King" is especially valuable for its ethics, and the story of Daniel for its dramatic power. The last two lessons should be given in any case. The teacher may choose others as she wishes.

LESSON 18

THE CHAMPION OF THE LIVING GOD

The Purpose

The familiar story of David and Goliath is used here to show what it may mean to a child to think of his people as "the armies of the living God." To David, the enemies of Israel are also God's enemies. There is no course left for him but to fight the giant, whom he sees as the champion of evil. David also learns that he must fight Goliath with his own weapons, not with King Saul's. God will give us the victory if we fight for him each in our own way.

The Approach

There is probably no child of eight years who has not heard this story. The telling of it is likely to be a review, the class supplying the main incidents. But the teacher must guide the pupils so that the events of the narrative come in logical order, and she must emphasize whatever is necessary to carry out her purpose.

The Bible account is found in I Samuel 16: 11-13, 17: 1-52. The interpretation of the story is not offered as a substitute; its only intention is to help the teacher to read between the lines.

Ask the children how many remember how Samuel met David. Why did Samuel select him as one who should one day be king of Israel? What did David do, after Samuel left him? (Describe his life in the sheep pasture and his feeling of the nearness of God.)

What did David's older brothers do? Why was David sent to the army? What did he see there? From this point, the pupils can probably tell the story without much help; but emphasis should be placed upon David's reason for fighting—his splendid courage in behalf of the God whom he has always found so near—and upon his unsuccessful attempt to wear armor. After all, the sling and stone were better.

The Champion of the Living God

David, the son of Jesse the Bethlehemite, kept his father's sheep. This being his lot, as youngest son, he dreamed of great deeds and thought wistfully of his brothers in the camp of King Saul. They, at least, were serving their country and their people, Israel. David thought also of a wonderful experience in his own life. He had been called from the sheep pasture to meet the prophet Samuel, who had come to Bethlehem and had asked, David knew not why, to see all the sons of Jesse, even the youngest. Samuel had poured fragrant oil on the boy's head as if he were a king's son instead of a poor shepherd, and then they looked into each other's eyes for a moment, very steadily and deeply. After that, David thought more often of God, not as a far off being, of whom one might be afraid, but as some one near, like his father; only God was so great that he cared for all Israel, as his father Jesse cared for him.

It made him happy to think that God was so near. He wished to be helping King Saul in the army where his brothers were. Even here in the pasture, God could help David. And there were times when he needed help. He was only a boy, and there were lions about and bears which sometimes came after the sheep.

He had a stout staff or club, and when he felt that God was helping him, he could do anything with it. The tiniest lambs in the flock knew that they were safe.

A day came when Jesse told his son to find another keeper for the flock and go himself to the army. Jesse was anxious about his older sons, so he sent David to them with ten loaves of bread and a present of cheeses for their captain; but most of all, he was to see if his brothers were well, and then come back and tell his father.

David rose early the next morning, and went to the camp as his father had commanded him. He came up just in time to see the armies on each side drawing up for battle, which they did with much shouting, as if they would rush upon each other on the instant. Little shivers of excitement ran up and down David's spine. Leaving his sack of bread and cheese with the keeper of the baggage, he ran to the army to find his brothers and see what was going to happen.

David found them without trouble, but was disappointed to see that after all that shouting, nothing at all was happening. The two armies looked as if they intended to spend the day watching each other. Only, from the Philistines' side, there came out a very tall soldier, who called for some one of the Israelites to fight with him:

"Choose ye a man that we may fight together. If he be able to fight with me and kill me, then will we be your servants; but if I kill him, then shall ye be our servants. I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together."

David looked to see who would go. He expected to see a dozen men, at least, rush forward. But nobody stirred, except those who were so frightened that they turned and ran the other way.

You are probably thinking that the Israelites were great cowards, but if you could have seen this Philistine you would not have wondered that the men were frightened, for in very truth he was the tallest man who ever wore armor. He seemed to David to be about ten feet high, and as if that were not enough, he wore a brass helmet which added several inches more. His great clumsy body was covered by a coat of mail with a broad target of brass between the shoulders, and there were brass plates fitted on to his stout legs. As for his spear, no ordinary man could have lifted it. Altogether, this champion of the Philistines felt safe enough, for he could have crushed any one of the Israelites without the least trouble.

David heard soldiers near by talking excitedly about the giant. He ran up to them.

"Who is this Philistine," said David, "that he should defy the armies of the living God?"

The soldiers told him that his name was Goliath of Gath. David went to others, and yet others, to learn all he could about the giant until word was sent to Saul the King that a brave young man had come, who might fight Goliath. Saul sent for him at once, hoping that here was a champion at last; but when he saw David, he was sorely disappointed. But David looked straight at the king, and said,

"Let no one be afraid. I will go and fight with this Philistine."

"Thou canst not!" exclaimed Saul. "Thou art but a youth, and he a man of war always."

Then David said,

"Thy servant kept his father's sheep: and when there came a lion or a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock, I ran after him and struck him and saved it out of his mouth; and when he turned upon me, I struck

him again and killed him. Thy servant overcame both the lion and the bear: and this Philistine shall be as one of them since he hath defied the armies of the living God! God, who saved me from the paw of the lion and the paw of the bear, will also save me from the hand of this Philistine."

Saul bowed his head.

"Go," he said, "and God be with thee."

How David's eyes must have shone when he saw the beautiful suit of armor which Saul had brought for him. It was the king's own. With Saul's help, he put on the coat of mail and the brass helmet, and girding on the sword, started to go. But before he reached the tent-door, he found that instead of being an active boy, with free arms and limbs, he was like a man in a cage. He had to turn back and take off the splendid armor, to the surprise of the king. The men were still more surprised to see David go to the dry bed of a brook and select five smooth stones, which he put in his shepherd's bag. But David knew now that he must fight Goliath in his own way and with his own weapons. Taking only these stones, with his sling and staff, he went out to meet the giant.

When Goliath saw a boy coming out as champion of the Israelites, he was very angry. He thought he was being laughed at.

"Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with sticks?" he cried. "Come on, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field."

And David called back, as loud as he could,

"Thou comest to me with sword and spear, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel whom thou hast defied. To-day will God give me the victory over thee; and I shall give the bodies of the Philistines to the fowls

of the air and the beasts of the field; that all the world may know that God is with Israel, and that God doth not save with sword and spear; for the battle is his and he will give us the victory."

Then David ran again towards Goliath; and when he was near enough, he took from his bag one of the smooth stones, put it in his sling, and aimed so truly that the stone hit Goliath hard on the forehead and he fell on his face to the earth. Again David ran, and seizing the giant's great sword, cut off his head and held it up where both armies could see it.

The end had come so quickly, that for a moment both Israelites and Philistines stood in a death-like silence, their eyes fixed on David. There he stood in the sunshine, the saviour of Israel. Then he remembered who had helped him. He fell on his knees, and covered his face.

Expressional Work

Talk with the class about the story. Why did David feel that it was his place to fight the giant? Why was he so much more brave than the soldiers in Saul's army? Why didn't he wear the armor which Saul gave him?

A print of Michel Angelo's David is furnished for the hand-work.

Home Work

Psalm 24 is valuable in this connection. Lead the children to see that David's purity made him worthy to be God's champion.

LESSON 19

JOSIAH THE KING

The Purpose

"He did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord and walked in the ways of David his father, and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left."

"Josiah . . . made all that were found in Israel to serve, even to serve the Lord their God. All his days they departed not from following the Lord, the God of their fathers."

"And like unto him was there no king before him, that turned to the Lord with all his heart, and with all his might, according to the law of Moses; neither after him arose there any like him."

In telling the story, make Josiah as worthy of admiration in the eyes of the children as these passages have rendered him in your own eyes. Teach them that to do right exactly is to be true to God. If they were older, we should have to say, "To do right as far as we know the right"; but since they are children, with no complicated problems of ethics to solve, they may adopt Josiah's rule of life to the letter.

The Approach

What does it mean to be true to father and mother? To love them, of course; but it means more yet. Do we allow other boys and girls to say unkind things about them? Would we be afraid to stand up for

them? I should hope not! In what other ways can we be true? By doing what we know they wish us to do, and by doing it well. If we wipe dishes, we wipe them dry. If we are sent on errands, we don't stop to play either going or coming.

This is a story of a king, who did for his God what you do for your fathers and mothers.

Josiah the King

Josiah, eight years old, was king of Judah. It was hard to believe, that he, a little boy, should be king. He would not have known what to do, all by himself. He had no father or mother, but there were good men to help him, who stood beside him as he sat on his throne and walked behind him when he went to the temple to pray. They told him that there was one God who was Lord of all, and that His word was the law which all the people of Judah should obey. If Josiah would listen, he would hear the word of God spoken in his heart, as Samuel had heard before him, and David, and Elijah, and then he would know what a king should do.

But Josiah was puzzled; for he knew that the people of Judah worshipped other gods than the one God, strange images they were, of wood or stone or brass. Were not their altars on all the hills? They were even in the temple itself, and when Josiah went in to pray to the one God, with his friends walking behind him, he passed images of horses which had been given to the god of the sun, and saw curtains hanging, which the women of Judah had woven for a heathen goddess. Since there was but one God, who had made everything, what could be the use of all these images? Josiah felt sure that they were wrong and made up

his mind that when he was older he would destroy them, and teach his people to worship the God who was Lord of all.

There were other things for a king to do. Josiah realized it every time he went into the temple. This was not the temple which Jesus knew, but an earlier one, built by Solomon, David's son. It was most beautiful, all carved cedar and gold, but it had been standing many years, and Josiah could see that it was sadly in need of repair. This, at least, was one thing he could do,—to repair God's house. So he sent Shaphan the scribe to Hilkiah the high priest, commanding him to count the money in the treasury of the temple, and give it to the workmen that they might repair the house of the Lord. Hilkiah counted the money, and there was more than enough. He gave it to the carpenters and builders and masons, and they brought timber and stone and repaired the temple so well that when Josiah went there to worship, he was glad,—or would have been, except for those altars to strange gods.

While the men were working, Hilkiah the priest found a book. It had been hidden in one of the small rooms of the temple. Hilkiah read it, and it surprised him so much that he sent for Shaphan the scribe, and they read it again together.

Now Hilkiah the priest and Shaphan the scribe were two of the good men who had taught Josiah about God; and the book they had found was a joy to them, for in it were written many things which a king should know.

They took the book to the king, and Shaphan read it aloud.

Some day, you can read this book for yourselves, for it is nothing less than the book of Deuteronomy in

our Bible. It is a long book, you see, and we won't read it now; but there are passages in it which you know already. What do you suppose they are?

Do you remember the Ten Commandments, which Moses gave to the Children of Israel? They were written in this book, and Josiah heard them for the first time in his life. What does the first one say? "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

When King Josiah heard that, he thought of the altars on the hills and the horses to the sun and the woven hangings; and he felt as sad as your fathers and mothers feel when you do wrong, because his people over whom he ruled had broken the commandment of God.

Another passage which was read to the king, was the "first and great commandment," which Jesus learned when he was a little boy. Who can repeat that for us?

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might."

Josiah was glad to do that; and he vowed that day that he would show his love for God by doing exactly what God had commanded, and by teaching the people to obey his law.

He sent for the people of Judah and stood before them in the temple. There were very many of them, and he was only one man with a few friends beside him. He was about to tell the people that the gods they worshipped were false and their images must be ground to powder, that they had broken the laws of the true God. If they were angry, they could easily kill him. But he was not afraid. He told them of the book which had been found in the temple, and asked them to listen while it was read.

So they listened; and when they heard, they were ashamed. They promised the king that in future they

would worship only God, and that they would keep his commandments as they were written in the book.

Josiah stood by a pillar in the temple, and made his promise to God for his people. Then he called Hilkiah and the other priests to help him, and they tore down the woven hangings, and broke down the shrines, and carried the horses of the sun and all the other images to the valley of Kidron, south of Jerusalem, where they ground them to powder and burned them. They went all through the land of Judah and broke down the altars which were on the hill-tops, and burned their images also. When Josiah had finished, there was not a sign of a heathen god left in all the land over which he ruled.

So it is written of this king, that he was the greatest of all the kings of Judah. "He did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord, . . . and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left."

Expressional Work

Discuss with the class the phrase "turned not aside to the right hand or to the left." Encourage them to apply it to their own conduct.

Dramatization: This may be done very simply. Josiah, Hilkiah, Shaphan, and several other advisers are the principal characters. The scenes are the king asking and receiving advice, the finding and reading of the book, the presenting and reading of the book to the king, the scene in the temple where the people give their promise,—possibly the destruction of the idols, if it can be managed without too much violence.

Skeleton Story: For those who do not find it practicable to dramatize the story, an outline is provided for the pupils to fill in.

Key to the Skeleton Story

Josiah was made (king) of Judah when he was only (eight) years old. His friends were (good) men, who taught him that a (king) must keep (God's) law as exactly as he could; that is, he must not (turn) aside to the (right) hand or to the (left). When Josiah grew (older), he gave orders to have the (temple) repaired, and while the carpenters and (masons) were at work, Hilkiah the (priest) found a (book). In it were written many of the laws of (God), including the (Ten) Commandments and "the great and (first) commandment." Josiah was glad of this (book). He read it to the (people), and they promised to (worship) God always and obey his (laws).

Home Work

Bible references for the story of Josiah are II Kings 22: 1-10; 23: 1-13; II Chronicles 34: 1-5, 8-19, 29-33. These are too complex to read to children, but they will be of help to parents. Encourage the children to retell the story, as they have heard it in Sunday school. In *The Little Child at the Breakfast Table*, read section XXVII.

LESSON 20

VINDOWS WHICH WERE OPEN TOWARD JERUSALEM

The Purpose

ıe story of Daniel, we have another instance of ness to God; but with this difference. Josiah his own land, at home. Daniel is in a strange ', where strange gods are worshipped, and his od is more than ever the God of his people. ly prayer, with his window open toward Jerusa- part of his yearning for home. He does not try ert others, he has not the power; but he is true aith even when loyalty endangers his life. The eaches the triumph of a courage which wins the of the king and public recognition for the God Daniel worships.

The Approach

ı the children ever gone away from home on Did their father or mother stay with them, ı they left to make the visit by themselves? hey glad to get home again. Ask if they re- r Joseph, who was sent alone into Egypt, and ed if he should ever see his father again. Try them imagine how it must feel to be away from ɔr a long time.

Windows Which were Open Toward Jerusalem

ı is a story in the Bible of a boy named Daniel ıs taken away from home. He had lived in

Jerusalem, not long after the good king Josiah. He used to worship God in the temple which Josiah had repaired. But one day, there came a hostile king who was stronger than the king of Judah. He took possession of Jerusalem, and carried many of her people away with him to his own country of Assyria.

Daniel was only a boy. He was homesick at first, and wished he might leave Babylon and go back to Jerusalem; but as the days went by, and the weeks and the months, and there was no chance of going home, he decided to make the best of it, especially as the king of Babylonia liked him and brought him to live in the palace. Daniel learned to speak the language of that country and was given many things to do for the king; but one thing he would not do. He would not worship the king's gods. For here in Babylonia, they had other gods than the God whom Daniel had been taught to love, at home in Jerusalem.

Every day, Daniel opened the windows of his room which looked in the direction of Jerusalem. He could not see it. Many miles of desert country lay between Daniel's room and the temple. But he knew it to be there, beyond those long stretches of road through the wilderness, and he liked to say his prayers before the open window. It was next best to being in the temple. Three times each day Daniel knelt and prayed to the God of Judah.

Now it came to pass that Babylonia was conquered by Persia, and a new king, Darius by name, came to live in the palace. But it made no difference to Daniel, for Darius also liked him,—so much that he was about to make him governor of all the land, as Joseph had been in Egypt. Like the Babylonian king, Darius worshipped strange gods, and Daniel still prayed by himself before his open windows.

There were men in that land who were not fond of Daniel, as was the king; and when they knew that Darius was about to make him governor of the land, they were jealous. So they tried to find some wrong thing that he had done, which would turn the king against him. But Daniel had been so faithful that they could find nothing. Then they remembered that he always prayed by himself, instead of worshipping their gods, and they knew him to be so true that he would not give up that prayer before his open window for anything they might do or say.

They went to Darius and said,

"King Darius, live forever. All the wise men of the country have met together and agreed to make a law that whoever shall ask anything of any god or man for thirty days, except of thee, O king, shall be cast into the den of lions. Now, O king, establish the law and sign the writing, that it be not changed."

Whereupon, the king signed the writing and made it a law which even he could not change.

But although Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his room, where the windows were open toward Jerusalem, and he kneeled down and asked God to help him, three times a day, as he had before the law was made, although he knew that if he were heard by men, he would be thrown into the den of lions. And the men who had made the law came and listened below the open windows, and heard Daniel's voice as it rose in prayer to the God of Judah.

They went to the king and said,

"Hast thou not signed a law, that any man who shall ask anything within thirty days of god or man, save of thee, O king, shall be cast into the den of lions?"

"The thing is true," said the king, "and may not be changed."

"But that Daniel," said the men, "one of the children of Judah, does not care for thy word, O king, but maketh his prayer to his God three times a day."

Now the king was very angry, not with Daniel, for he loved him, but with the men for the trick they had played. He had never thought of Daniel's God when he signed the writing. All day he worked, trying to find some way to save Daniel; but at sundown, the men came to him again to remind him of the law he had made, the law which could not be changed.

So the king commanded, and they brought Daniel and cast him into the den of lions. But the king said to Daniel,

"Thy God, whom thou servest continually, he will save thee."

Then a great stone was brought and rolled before the mouth of the den, and the king sealed it with his own signet, so that no one should dare to let Daniel out.

The king went to his palace and passed the night without eating. He would allow no one to play to him on instruments of music and he could not sleep. But as soon as it was light, he hastened to the den of lions. When he was near enough, he cried,

"Daniel, O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to save thee from the lions?"

Then said Daniel to the king,

"O king, live forever. The lions have not hurt me."

Then, indeed, the king was glad, and commanded that Daniel be taken out of the den. But the wicked men who had plotted against him were punished as they deserved.

Then King Darius wrote a decree for all the people in his kingdom that they should worship the God of Daniel.

"For he is the living God, and steadfast forever."

Application

The point of this story is not the escape of Daniel from the lions, miraculous or not; it is Daniel's courage in standing by his belief in God, even though it might mean death. If he had been killed by the lions, his courage would have been no less fine. His prayer, three times a day, was not for deliverance through fear of physical death; it was his regular and loyal communion with the God of his fathers.

Lead the children to see that loyalty to God means also loyalty to what they know to be right. The principle applies to the child who knows that cheating is wrong and is not afraid to say so, although his companions may pummel him for holding to his point. When children first come together, outside the direct influence of parent or teacher, there is often a tendency to independence of home-taught principles, especially if older children are present. This is the time when the child needs courage to stand for the things which he knows are right and sacred. The story recommended for supplementary reading, under "Home Work," may also be of assistance to the teacher in making her point.

Expressional Work

Dramatization: This very dramatic story can be safely acted if the lion scene is omitted. 1. The jealous courtiers plot against Daniel. 2. They persuade Darius to make the new law. 3. They listen outside the room where Daniel prays before the open window. 4. They report what they have heard to the king. 5. The king escorts Daniel to the den of lions. 6. Darius comes in the morning, calls to Daniel, and finds him safe.

The text to be memorized is printed on a leaflet to be colored.

Memory Verse

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.
Psalm 33:12.

Home Work

This story of Daniel is told in the sixth chapter of the book of Daniel; but it is hoped that the parent will follow the suggestions given to the teacher in making a modern application of the principle of loyalty. A valuable story for supplementary reading is "To the Rescue!" by Mary E. Parks, in *The Beacon* for November 14, 1915. (Volume VI. No. 7).

LESSON 21

THE KING'S CUPBEARER

The Purpose

We have here a story showing aggressive patriotism. Daniel was true to his people and his God, but he was content to stay in Babylon and make the best of the situation. Not so with Nehemiah. The pitiful tale of Jerusalem's desolation so works upon his emotions that he can only relieve his feelings by action. He is of the type that must *do* something. In telling the story, place emphasis upon his desire to exalt his own country, to make her what she was before her fall. Thus should we love our native land, doing our best to establish her strength, not at the expense of other nations but through personal service. Children are very sensitive to the call of patriotism, and it is an opportunity to teach faithfulness in little things as training for the greater call to loyalty which may some day come.

The Approach

Talk with the class about Lincoln. What did he do for his country? If it had not been for Lincoln, the United States might have been divided. There might have been two countries where now there is one.

Do you remember the story of Daniel? Where did he live? Why was he there instead of at home in Jerusalem? Yes, Jerusalem had gone to pieces, and there were only a few poor people living there, who got

their living by farming. Most of the people had been taken to Assyria and Babylon as Daniel had been.

Do you remember what Daniel did for his country? He kept his windows open toward Jerusalem, and never forgot to pray to the God whom his people worshipped. Why was he brave?

The lesson to-day is about Nehemiah, who was also a Jew in Babylon, and tells what he did for his country.

The King's Cupbearer

Nehemiah was cupbearer to the king. Each day, when the king and queen sat in the palace at dinner, with the chief officers of the kingdom on the right and on the left, Nehemiah passed the wine. He was not a servant. The man who passed the wine was as close to the king as his best friend; for the king's enemies would have liked to put poison in the wine, and it was Nehemiah's business to see that nothing of that sort happened. Sometimes he tasted the wine himself, for if the king had died from poisoned wine, Nehemiah would have been to blame.

But the king was very sure that no poison would be mixed with his wine as long as Nehemiah was cupbearer. This king—his name was Artaxerxes—loved Nehemiah as Darius had loved Daniel. He did his best to make his cupbearer happy, and Nehemiah was usually ready to smile when he passed the cup.

One day, Nehemiah met some Jews who had recently come from Jerusalem. They were friends and Nehemiah was glad indeed to see them, and asked eagerly how the poor people were faring who had been left behind, and how the city looked with its stately walls and towers. Had the Chaldaeans really hurt it

very much when they took possession? And the Jews answered,

"The few people who are left are most wretched: the wall of Jerusalem is broken down and the gates are burned with fire."

Nehemiah could see it! He knew how a burned city looked,—how the walls had become heaps of rubbish, how foxes ran in and out at night. He could understand how people living in such a place would be wretched. He was wretched himself at the thought of it, for he had liked to think of Jerusalem as she had looked before the Chaldaeans came. Now she was a wreck, like a burnt house with black, charred holes where there had been windows, and cold, empty rooms where children had played.

That day, when Nehemiah passed the wine, he did not smile.

The king, sitting as usual with the queen beside him, and his chief officers at the right and the left, took the cup, and at the same time, he noticed Nehemiah's face.

"Why is thy face sad," said the king, "seeing that thou art not sick? This is nothing else but sorrow of heart."

Nehemiah's hand shook, but he said bravely,

"Let the king live forever. Why should not my face be sad, when the city, the home of my fathers, lieth waste, and her gates are burned with fire?"

Then said the king,

"For what dost thou ask?"

Nehemiah prayed in his heart to God, to tell him the right thing to say. Then he said,

"If it please the king, I would ask that thou wouldest send me to Judah, to the city of my fathers, that I may build it."

"How long shall thy journey be?" said the king, "and when wilt thou return?"

Nehemiah set a time. He also said,

"If it please the king, let letters be given me to the governors beyond the river, that they may let me pass through till I come to Judah; and a letter to the keeper of the king's forest, that he may give me timber to make beams for the houses and the walls of the city."

The king was ready and glad to do all that Nehemiah asked, so that the cup-bearer's face was no longer sad. For he thought now less of how deserted Jerusalem must look, and more of all he had to do to rebuild the city with her gates and towers.

Nehemiah went to Jerusalem; but in spite of the king's letters, he found it a dangerous business. For there were enemies living near Jerusalem who did not wish to see her rebuilt. So Nehemiah rose in the night, and rode about the walls of Jerusalem with only a few men; and he took note, as well as he could in the dark, of how badly the walls were broken, and how there were places where he could not pass at all. And no one knew, except the few men who were with him. But afterwards, when he told the people who were still living in the city, they were glad to work, although they were obliged to do their repairing with a trowel in one hand and a sword in the other, because of the watchfulness of their enemies.

So the walls were rebuilt and the city made safe. Nehemiah went back to the king, and told him of the good work he had done. After this, when he passed the cup, we may be sure that his smile pleased the king, for Nehemiah was thinking of Jerusalem as he had left her, with her walls and towers rising on Mount Zion, and her people living more comfortably in the houses which they were building for themselves.

Expressional Work

Talk with the class about the rebuilding of cities—very briefly. There are instances enough in this country, of cities destroyed by earthquake or flood or fire. Who rebuilt them? Yes, the people, so that they may have homes and stores and schools. Lead the children to see that the country is made up of cities and towns and villages. Lincoln was a great president because he loved the people who live in all these places and kept them together in one great nation, our United States, just as Nehemiah loved the people who were trying to live in Jerusalem and rebuilt that city so that they might have a home. Bring out the possibilities each of us has of helping. We can help our country by taking good care of our cities when they are built,—by being as careful of our desks at school as we are of our own at home, by not scattering rubbish on the street. Let the pupils suggest ways. A sheet is furnished for this lesson in the pupil's note-book for writing down such suggestions.

For classes which use the dramatic method of expression, this story furnishes excellent material. There are three scenes at least: Nehemiah meets his friends and asks them about Jerusalem; he passes the wine with a sad face and makes his request of the king; he returns and tells his story.

Home Work

For the original form of the story, see Nehemiah 1; 2: 1-8, 17, 18; 4: 6. "The section, Our Country," in *The Little Child at the Breakfast Table*, p. 62, is also valuable material. The child may be encouraged to discover and practice ways of helping his country by taking care of his city or town.

LESSON 22

THE BUILDING OF THE DOME OF FLORENCE

The Purpose

THE story of how Brunelleschi built the dome of the Cathedral of Florence is used here as another illustration of devotion to one's city. The love of Florentines for Florence was second only to that of the Jews for Jerusalem. Ethically, the theme is perseverance; but it should not be forgotten that it was love which made Brunelleschi persevere.

Memory Verse

Let the house of God be Builded.

Ezra 5:15.

The Approach

A picture of the dome of Saint Mary of the Flower is furnished with the pupil's note-book. Show this and talk about domes. Ask the class how many have seen one, have stood under one. Talk with them about block-building. Ask if they could build a dome with blocks. Why not?

Domes are difficult to build. The story to-day is how this one in the picture was built.

The Building of the Dome of Florence

The Florentines had built a cathedral, white and rose and gray, in which to worship God. They did not, however, call it "the cathedral", as we speak of

e church". They called it "Saint Mary of the wer," because they loved Mary, who was Jesus' her, and also because they loved flowers—prim-s and violets, roses and poppies, which grew in meadows by the river Arno. Above all they loved lily; for it was the flower which stood to them for rence.

aint Mary of the Flower was a building so large t it could hold nearly all the Florentines at once. ad stained-glass windows and massive stone columns ch helped support the roof—except in one place re there was no roof at all and where nobody seemed now how to build one. This place was at one end, t farthest from the doors by which you went in. tead of having a straight wall at the end, the build- was shaped like an octagon, and the Florentines hed to cover it with a dome—as if each wall of the agon could grow like a tree, curving over until it the others in a point at the centre. It would be of shaped like the sky. It was a beautiful thought, the Florentines might as well have expected the ls to grow like trees for all they knew of building nes.

Meanwhile, the rain came in and the snow. Once re was so much snow on the floor that you could e made snow-balls. A boy noticed this. He d snow because he could make figures out of it. had just modelled a splendid snow-man at the ner of his own street. He was sorry to see it in the hedral, however. That wasn't the place for snow. wished he could learn to put a dome on Saint Mary the Flower.

This boy, whose name was Filippo Brunelleschi, s always working with his hands. He not only de men out of snow, he modelled them in clay. He

drew plans of buildings and tried to make little houses of wood. When he was old enough, his father put him into a goldsmith's shop, where he made silver crosses, and set jewels for the fine ladies of Florence. But after his work was done, he would go to the wide, sunny square of the cathedral, and try to think how his dome would look.

At last, he decided to go to Rome, and see what he could find there in the way of splendid buildings. He had always heard that there were wonderful churches and temples there,—although he was sure that the city itself could not be nearly as beautiful as his own Florence. With him went his friend Donatello, who had worked beside him in the goldsmith's shop. Donatello could model better figures than he could, but he was not so clever about planning buildings. The boys were poor, so they had to go on foot; but they did not mind that. All roads lead to Rome, we are told, and they took the shortest.

Once there, while Donatello studied every statue he could find, Brunelleschi measured buildings. Rome was so old that there were statues and parts of buildings buried in the ground, and the two went about digging them up. Once they found a vase full of money, and after that, the Romans called them "treasure-seekers." But except for this bit of good luck, they were usually poor, and would often have to stop digging statues and go to work setting jewels to earn enough to keep them alive. And still, when the day's work was over, and they sat together talking about what they would do when they got back to Florence, Brunelleschi remembered Saint Mary of the Flower and the wide, open space over the octagon.

One day, soon after coming to Rome, Brunelleschi came upon a church which appeared to be all dome.

He went in, and the floor space seemed to him about the same as that at the end of the cathedral at home. Perhaps he could learn here how to build a dome. So he began to ask questions. The church was called the Pantheon, they told him. Yes, its dome was certainly remarkable. The early Romans had built it, nearly thirteen hundred years ago. How? It was said that the builders had made two wooden shells, each shaped like half an orange with all the pulp taken out, one smaller than the other. They rested on the walls, which were not very high, as Brunelleschi could see, one shell inside the other. There was a round hole in the top. Then liquid concrete was poured between the shells until the space was full. When it was hard, the wooden part was taken away, and there was a solid dome of concrete with a round window at the top. It was well done, as he could see, to have stood thirteen hundred years without cracking!

"But it must weigh tons, since it is solid," said Brunelleschi.

"Yes," they replied, "but those low walls are twenty feet thick!"

Brunelleschi knew that the walls of the octagon in Florence were not twenty feet thick, or anywhere near it. He could not build such a dome for Saint Mary of the Flower. Yet he remembered what he had seen. He must do something still better.

When they went home, Brunelleschi hurried to the square. He sat down on the steps of a shop opposite the cathedral, and looked at it. It was a wide square, and the warm sunshine pouring down thrilled him. He knew that all around the square, the streets were dark and narrow, but they led to palaces of noblemen who had fought for Florence, who believed that there was no city on earth so beautiful or so worth living and

dying for. A tall, slender tower stood beside S
Mary of the Flower. Giotto had built that,
Florence. Brunelleschi got up from the step; he
off his hat as if he had been inside the cathedral.
vowed that he would build a dome as splendid as
tower. He would do it for Florence, and nothing sh
stop him.

Soon after that, a council was called of all the a
tects in that part of the world, to see what coul
done about the dome. They came and they lo
at the octagon and the open space of blue sky abov
and they shook their heads. They made measurem
around and across and up and down, and they s
their heads again. Finally they came together
their measurements and talked it over. Some of t
suggested ways of doing it which the others voted d
as foolish. For example, you might cart such a m
tain of dirt into the space that the dome could be
on top of it; and if you scattered money in the di
you heaped it up, the people would cart it away
what they could find, with no further trouble to
builders. Yet none seemed so foolish to the a
tects as Brunelleschi's idea of two domes, one in
the other. One was bad enough. The walls w
never hold two. Surely he had gone mad!

They laughed at him, and treated him like a
Brunelleschi set his teeth and went home. He
down and went to work on his two domes. He
nothing more about it,—indeed he went out
little, except at night, because the Florentines lau
when they saw him coming; but when the moon
full, he would go to the wide square, and look at
white gleaming walls of Saint Mary of the Flo
and think again how his dome would look, bathe
the moonlight.

The Florentines called another council, and Brunelleschi came, but he would not bring his models. They were too far along by this time, and he was afraid some other architect would steal his idea. So he asked the wise men, who were sure that dome could not be built, if they could make an egg stand on end.* Of course they couldn't. Why did this mad man ask them such a foolish question?

Brunelleschi, it is said, took the egg, struck it smartly on the pavement, and there it stood, broken at one end, to be sure, but upright.

"Any of us could have done that!" they exclaimed, in disgust.

"Yes," he replied, "so you could build the dome, if you saw my model."

Perhaps they thought then that Brunelleschi was not so mad after all. At any rate, as none of them could possibly think of a way of building a roof over the octagon, they gave him permission to try. He began at once, and built, as he had said he would, a dome within a dome; but instead of pouring in concrete, he fastened them together with chains and ribs, which were light but strong. If any of you are architects when you grow up, you will find out just how that was done. All of us, when we go to Florence, can climb to the top by staircases which wind up between the domes. When you look at the picture, you can see the tiny windows in the outer dome which light the staircases.

It is more than four hundred and fifty years since Brunelleschi built a dome for Saint Mary of the Flower. Thousands of people have worshipped God beneath it; for the rain no longer comes in, nor the snow. Thousands more have seen it from the hills about Florence

* This story is also told of Columbus.

and have loved Brunelleschi's city the more because of the beauty of that dark red dome, shaped like the half-opened bud of a drooping lily. And he did more than build for Florence. Because he found out the secret, and other architects learned how from what he had done, there are other great domes especially in London, over St. Paul's Cathedral, in Rome herself over St. Peter's, and over our own capitol at Washington. All these have been possible because one man persevered. And he did it because he loved Florence as we love our country.

Expressional Work

The print of the Cathedral of Florence is to be pasted into the frame. Call attention to the conventionalized lily, the emblem of Florence.

Home Work

The story of Brunelleschi teaches not only loyalty to one's city, but perseverance. Compare with it other stories of men who have persevered. One instance is that of Robert Bruce, who learned his lesson from watching a spider. This incident is very well told in "Fifty Famous Stories," by James Baldwin.

This story may also be compared to that in the previous lesson, telling of Nehemiah and his perseverance in repairing the city he loved.

LESSON 23

THE MAID SENT BY GOD

The Purpose

"WITH Joan of Arc love of country was more than a sentiment—it was a passion. She was the Genius of Patriotism."

This is Mark Twain's summary, in his "Personal Reminiscences of Joan of Arc." It is also the keynote of this lesson. France was in danger of losing her identity; Joan of Arc brought her to her senses. The Maid did not fight the English because she hated them; she was as compassionate a soul as ever came into being: but she did recognize the right of her country to existence, and she fought for that right with such splendid courage, such unselfish heroism, that she deserves the immortal name which history has bestowed upon her.

The story as retold here does not touch her martyrdom. Space does not permit, and doubtless it is better so. A French child could pardon such a blot on his nation's honor, but an American child might think Joan's devotion to so ungrateful a king not worth the cost, and so the purpose of the lesson, to inspire true patriotism, would be spoiled.

Memory Verse

Up, that I may send thee.

Isaiah 9:26.

The Approach

The course is so planned that this lesson should come at a time when the children are being reminded of Washington and Lincoln. Speak of these birthdays of patriots. Ask what a patriot is. Then tell the story of Joan of Arc.

The Maid Sent by God

All this actually happened in the land of France, some seventy years before America was discovered.

On a hill outside the village of Domremy stood an ancient beech tree. The villagers said it was more than five hundred years old; and indeed you could see, from its huge trunk and wide-spreading branches, that it had been growing there a long time. It was called the Fairy Tree, because it was believed that fairies had once liked to dance there by moonlight. The children had never seen them, but used to make wreaths of wildflowers to hang about the place, to please the little creatures.

As for the children, they danced there in the daytime. There was a song about the tree, and they used to join hands in a circle about the beautiful gray trunk and sing that song. Then they would loose each other's hands, sit down on the fresh grass in a smaller circle, and talk of all they would do when they grew up.

Most of this talk was about the war. There was little else to talk about in those days. The children's own grandfathers could not remember when the war had begun between France and England. It had been going on for nearly a hundred years. France had been a brave nation at the start, but now she was in a state of terror. Bands of robbers rode about as they pleased, burning villages in the night. The soldiers of France

were so discouraged that they had allowed themselves to be driven farther and farther south until England was in possession of nearly half their country. Their poor old king was mad, and their queen so wicked that she had married her daughter to the English king and promised that when her mad husband died, their little baby should be king of France. Do you see what that meant? France would be simply an English province and not France at all. The children under the tree knew the meaning of it all. Their country would be dead.

Their only hope was in the mad king's son, whom they called the Dauphin. It was he, not an English baby, who should be king of France when his father died. At present, however, the Dauphin was not doing anything for France. He was in the castle of Chinon, south of the river Loire, with a few soldiers, and was leading a gay life with his lords and ladies. It was said that he was ready to run, when the English army came a little nearer, and that this would be very soon, since the town of Orleans, just north of the Loire and not far from Chinon, had been besieged by the enemy for months and could not hold out much longer.

The boys wished they were old enough to fight, and each one told what he would do. Even the girls grew quite hot, and said that they could help, too,—all but one. That was Joan of Arc. But Joan did not talk because she was so troubled. She loved her country more than her life.

Then came news that the king was dead. The children were much excited and wondered if the Dauphin would come out from the castle of Chinon, and demand the crown which ought to have been his. But the Dauphin stayed where he was. And still the English were besieging Orleans.

When this last bad news came, Joan grew very quiet. She had been a happy child, one of the gayest of those who danced about the tree, and her playmates wondered at this change in her. She was sixteen now, of a slight figure and very beautiful, and there was no one in the village who did not love and respect her. She was near to God, too; and presently her friends knew why she had lately been so thoughtful.

Joan said that she had had messages from God which she called Voices. They had told her first to live rightly and to obey God. Then they had spoken of France and its desperate condition. She was under the Fairy Tree, alone, when her Voices had made her happy, oh, so happy, by telling her that France should be saved! And last of all, they had taken her breath away by saying that Joan herself should take command of the army, raise the siege of Orleans, and lead the Dauphin to the Cathedral at Rheims to be crowned king.

She could hardly believe that she had heard rightly, and yet her Voices were so clear! They had always told her the truth before. Should she not believe them now?

Joan of Arc, the little peasant girl of sixteen, was sure from that day that God had called her to deliver France. She made others equally sure. She went about with her head up and her eyes bright. It was as if she were already General of the armies of France.

She said afterward that she never took a step which was not directed by her Voices. Her first move was to go to the governor of Vaucouleurs and ask him to send her fully armed and with an escort of soldiers to the Dauphin in Chinon. He listened to her story, he was moved in spite of himself; but he could not believe that a young girl could ever be Commander-in-

Chief of an army. He thought her mad and sent her home.

Joan went home and waited. Then she tried again and succeeded. The governor girded on her sword himself. Trained soldiers went with her, and supported her on the march to Chinon, where she hoped to be heard by the Dauphin.

But it was a long time before the Dauphin could believe that this peasant girl could bring about his coronation. He, too, made her wait. He had her examined by priests, but she refused to tell her mission to anyone but himself.

At last, when the patience of Joan's friends was nearly worn out, she was summoned to the Castle.

She was announced by heralds with slender, silver trumpets, and led in state down the great hall. On either side of her were richly dressed ladies, and knights whose polished armor reflected the flickering light of two hundred and fifty torches. It was a scene which would have dazzled a more experienced person than Joan, but she walked as easily as if she had been in her own meadows at Domremy.

The knights and ladies waited to see her bow low before the figure sitting on the Dauphin's throne. But she stood erect in astonishment, then turned and looked along the line of waiting figures until she saw a young man very simply dressed. She turned and ran to him, and fell on her knees, saying,

"God of his grace, give you long life, O dear and gentle Dauphin!"

The court had tried to play a trick upon her, but Joan of Arc knew better.

She persuaded the Dauphin at last. He gave his orders, and she became Commander-in-Chief of the armies of France. So far she had been able to obey

the word of God, as it had come to her through her Voices.

It was at Blois that the army made the acquaintance of its new General. She rode a white horse and wore white armor. Her little cap was crowned with nodding white ostrich plumes. The floating banner which she carried was of white satin, embroidered with the lilies of France. The soldiers, used to the roughness of war, had never seen anyone like her. She did not look like a real person. They began to think that she must indeed have been sent by God to lead them to victory. They had been driven hard and defeated many times, but now they felt better. They were no longer frightened men, they were soldiers worthy of France.

Joan of Arc led her army to Orleans, for long months besieged by the English. There she sent a note to the English commander. This is part of it:

"Render to the Maid who is sent by God the keys of all the good towns you have taken in France. She is very ready to make peace if you will do right by giving up France and paying for what you have held. If you believe not the news sent by God through the Maid, wherever we shall meet you we will strike boldly and make such a noise as has not been in France these thousand years."

The English commander replied that if she did not clear out while she had a chance, he would catch her and burn her; she had much better "go back to her proper trade of minding cows."

Joan waited no longer. She ordered an attack against the forts held against Orleans by the English. The courage of the French soldiers never failed as long as she rode before them, waving her sword and urging them forward. The English soldiers were brave and it was hard to drive them back, but Joan would never

et her men give up. Toward the last of the struggle, she was wounded and fell from her horse, and the French, no longer seeing her little figure riding in the thick of the battle, came near losing the day. Joan was lying on the grass when she heard the trumpets sounding the signal for a retreat. She dragged herself to her horse and ordered a fresh charge. The men rallied, the forts were taken, and Joan rode into Orleans in triumph. The siege was raised.

The people rang bells, they lighted bonfires, they poured into the streets to welcome the maid. And now for the first time was heard that name which has clung to Joan of Arc ever since.

"Welcome to the Maid of Orleans!"

Other victories followed, and the English were completely conquered. Joan of Arc had saved France.

The Dauphin rode with her to Rheims, and there, in the great cathedral, she saw him crowned King of France. He was no longer the Dauphin, he was Charles VII. She had fulfilled the command of God. Her work was finished, she thought. She could go back to her mother and her father, in the little village of Domremy, and sit once more under the Fairy Tree. But now the king Charles VII was turning to her, and asking what he could do, what he could give to her in the name of the kingdom, for all she had done for France.

Joan hesitated. Again the king urged her. She fell upon her knees.

"Oh gentle King, if you will speak the word, I pray you give commandment that my village, poor by reason of the war, may be freed from paying taxes."

This was all she would ask. The king gave his command, and for more than three hundred years, Domremy was free from the burden of taxation. It

was the spirit of Joan of Arc to think only of others. But in the many hundred years which have passed between her time and ours, her name has never been forgotten. Every year, the town of Orleans has a celebration in her honor. But she is more than the Maid of Orleans. She is the Maid sent by God to save her country.

Expressional Work

A reproduction of the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, by Anna Vaughn Hyatt, is to be pasted on the pupil's leaf. Compare the lily, the emblem of France, with that of Florence, used in the previous lesson.

Home Work

Boutet de Monvel's "Joan of Arc" has a spirited set of illustrations, probably the best of their kind. There is also an article in *St. Nicholas* for March, 1916, by Grace Humphrey on the new statue of Jeanne d'Arc by Anna Vaughn Hyatt, on Riverside Drive, New York City.

The Story of Cincinnatus, as retold by James Baldwin in *Fifty Famous Stories*, illustrates a quality of patriotism similar to that of the Maid of Orleans.

LESSON 24

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

The Purpose

THE purpose of this famous story by Edward Everett Hale is so obvious that little need be said. In telling it, remember that loyalty to God includes lesser loyalties, and that patriotism is one of them.

The Approach

Ask a few questions to see how much the children know of our early history as a nation. Who was our first President? What position did he hold before he was elected President?

There was a man who served in the army under Washington named Aaron Burr. Afterwards, he came near being President himself. He and Thomas Jefferson had an equal number of votes. When it was finally decided in favor of Jefferson, Burr was angry and tried to set up a government of his own. He asked other men to help him, and this story is about what might have happened to one of them.

The Man Without a Country

Philip Nolan was on trial for treason. Treason, you must know, is a sin against your country. It means that you try to hurt her, as Burr did when he attempted to set up another government which should injure the United States,—perhaps even take its place.

It is as wrong a thing to do as if you should hurt your own mother. By the laws of our government, if a man is found guilty of treason, he is severely punished. Philip Nolan was found guilty, and when he was asked by the court if he had anything to say for himself, anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States before he followed Aaron Burr, he cried out in a fit of anger,

"The United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment till the day he died, he was a man without a country.

"Prisoner," said the judge, "hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. The room was very still. The judge added,

"Mr. Marshall, take the prisoner to New Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

Nolan was taken to a government ship bound on a long voyage. He was not treated as a prisoner. He might have been a passenger. He had a comfortable cabin, he had books and maps, he could talk with the other men on board. But no book of Nolan's said a word about his country, the United States was cut out of his maps, and not a man was allowed to mention home when Nolan was near enough to hear.

After a little, Nolan began to feel his punishment. He had been a bright, gay, dashing fellow, and, as you know, he had laughed when the judge pronounced his sentence; but he soon found it very hard never to hear a word from home, and to feel that everyone with

whom he talked was particularly careful not to speak of the United States. He must have wished he had not said those words in court. He grew desperately home-sick. But he had one hope; he knew that the ship must go back sometime. At last, they stopped at an island station near America; but they stayed there longer than was necessary. After a week's delay, another government ship came along, bound for Europe; and poor Nolan was taken on board of her to begin another long voyage. He realized then, as he never had before, that there was no going home for him.

It is said that Nolan was transferred some twenty times in the course of his life from one ship to another, and that he never came nearer than a hundred miles to the coast of America.

Once, during all these voyages, he had a chance to show his loyalty to the United States.

It was during the war of 1812, when a shot from the enemy's ship entered a port-hole and killed the officer at the gun and a number of men. It was a surprise and the other men did not know what to do at first. All at once, there was Nolan, taking command of the gun as if he were the officer himself, giving orders to the men, smiling and giving them courage, so that they felt that everything was all right and would be all right. He loaded the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and told the men to fire. He sat on the gun, exposed all the time to the enemy's shots, and stayed in command until the enemy struck. The captain saw what he had done, and said,

"I thank you, sir; I shall never forget this day, and you never shall."

When it was all over, and the captain had the sword of the enemy's commander, he called for Nolan. And when Nolan came, he said,

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you to-day; you are one of us to-day; you will be named in the reports."

The captain took off his own sword and gave it to Nolan, and told him to put it on. Nolan cried like a little child. He had not been so honored since before the day when he forgot his country and followed Aaron Burr. Afterward, the captain tried to get a pardon for Nolan, but it never came. Something may have happened to the letter.

But even when Nolan was given the sword for bravery, the name of the United States was not mentioned.

But at last the day came when he heard about his country.

Nolan never allowed anyone to enter his stateroom. His friends used to wonder why. But one day, he was too sick to leave it, and let the doctor come in; and a little later, the doctor called Nolan's best friend, Danforth, saying that Nolan had asked to see him.

Danforth went in and saw Nolan lying in his berth. On the wall were the stars and stripes draped around a picture of Washington and Nolan had painted an eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot clasping the whole globe.

"Here, you see, I have a country!" said Nolan.

He pointed to the foot of the bed, where Danforth saw a great map of the United States, as Nolan had drawn it from memory.

"O Danforth," he said, "I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? But before you speak, let me say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, there is not in America,—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old

flag as I do, or who prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. But tell me something,—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!"

"Mr. Nolan," said Danforth, "I will tell you everything you ask about. Where shall I begin?"

Nolan smiled and pressed Danforth's hand; and Danforth told him all he could of what had happened to the United States for the last fifty years; about the new states, the steamboats and the railroads, the telegraph, the colleges and West Point and the Naval School; about Washington and the capitol; and especially about the President, Abraham Lincoln.

Nolan listened with the greatest happiness. When Danforth had finished, he asked him to bring a book and read a prayer in which God is asked to bless the President of the United States. Then Nolan drew his friend down and kissed him and said,

"Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone."

And Danforth went away.

An hour later, when the doctor went in, he found Nolan lying with a smile on his face. He had died in his sleep. They found a slip of paper in his Bible where he had marked the text:

"They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city."

On this slip of paper he had written,

"Will not some one set up a stone for my memory, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:—

In Memory of
PHILIP NOLAN,
Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.
He loved his country as no other man has loved her;
but no man deserved less at her hands.

(*Adapted from the story by Edward Everett Hale.*)

Expressional Work

As this is the last of the lessons on patriotism, two stanzas of "America the Beautiful," by Katherine Lee Bates, are printed on the leaf for the pupil's note-book. While this poem can be fully appreciated only by mature minds, there is much in it which appeals to children, and it should be known early as well as late in life. Read the verses with the class and talk about them. Call up the pictures they suggest. What are "spacious" skies? City children may not know. What is the color of amber? How many have seen the wind blowing over fields of grain? In the second stanza, refer to the early pilgrims, sent by John Robinson.

Home Work

If the children do not already know our national hymn, "America," by heart, this is the time to teach it to them.

The story of Philip Nolan presents the negative side of patriotism, although its teaching is positive enough. But I would have every child know the story entitled "Two Boys and the Flag," by Eleanor Schureman, in *St. Nicholas* for July, 1914. It embodies the spirit of loyalty in the most positive way possible, since it is really a story of a struggle to cling to virtues in which true loyalty consists. And the two boys are real. They are to be met with in every American city. It will be worth every mother's while to send for this number of *St. Nicholas*, if she hasn't it already.

LESSON 25

THE PEACE-PIPE

The Purpose

As final lesson of the group, this story is intended to teach that all nations are alike children of the Father. It need not contradict in any way the teaching of the preceding lessons. A healthy patriotism is necessary, like loyalty to one's family; but it does not carry with it hatred of all other nations any more than family loyalty means hostility toward one's neighbors. There are many stories—true stories of the Great War of this century—which teach the futility of such hatred. A few references are given under Home Work. But the legend of the Peace-Pipe is better for the general lesson because it is a parable, without any suggestions which might arouse those antagonisms which are only too active, even among children.

The Approach

It will be safer to make the approach to this lesson purely literary. The Hiawatha stories are frequently used in the public school course for this grade. Ask how many of the children know the story of the Peace-Pipe. Then re-tell it, getting as much help as possible from the pupils.

The Peace-Pipe

This is a story told of days long ago, when there was not a white man in America. Only Indians lived here, but they were many; and their tribes were like the

nations to-day, living apart, sometimes friendly, often hating each other, quarreling and fighting. But there was one great Being to whom the Indians all alike looked as we look to God the Father, who made us and cares for us. They named him Manito, and they called him the Master of Life.

It is said that one day, the Master of Life came down to the great Red Pipe-Stone Quarry, on the edge of the Mountains of the Prairie. A river flowed from under his feet, plunged over the precipice, and then followed the course through the meadows which Manito marked out for it with his fore-finger. He watched it a moment, as it rippled against the grass, and then he stood straight and looked out over the prairies, where all was not well with his people. Because he could see very far and hear the slightest sound, he knew that the Indians were preparing for war and that the clear river would be stained with the blood of dying men and perhaps of little children.

The Master of Life stooped then and broke a fragment of red rock from the quarry. He moulded it into a pipe-head; and because he loved beautiful things and always did everything well, he carved it with raised figures. He broke a long reed from the edge of the river, and used it for the stem of the pipe. He filled the bowl with bark from the red willow. Before he was able to light the pipe, he breathed upon the boughs of the forest until they rubbed together and burst into flame.

A thin, dark line of smoke rose from the pipe; it widened into a dense, blue cloud; it unfolded in snow-white masses over the tree-tops; it touched heaven itself. All over the wide prairie the tribes saw it, and knew that they were being called to the mountains by Manito, the Master of Life.

They came just as they were, all the tribes, red in eir war-paint, bristling with angry feathers, eyeing ch other narrowly, but waiting until after the council th Manito before they could fight each other. For ıen the Master of Life called, they went without ›pping to attend to other business.

The Master of Life stood on the edge of the quarry d looked down upon them. He was sorry, for he ⁄ed them all, as a father loves his children; and their arrels seemed to him like the quarrels which we metimes have with each other. If they would live peace, their quarrels would pass, as ours do; but if ey killed each other, it would be too late.

Manito stretched out his right hand, and spoke to em.

"O my children! my poor children!
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you.

"I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes;
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?

"I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

"Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward!"

The Indian warriors threw down their weapons, and leaped into the river. Manito looked at it. On the side toward the mountains it was still clear as crystal; beyond, it was dark red, but with war-paint, not with the blood of men.

The warriors came up from the river clean. Then they buried their weapons on its banks. Silently, they broke the red stone from the quarry and moulded it into Peace-Pipes. They broke reeds from the bank of the river and decked them with their brightest feathers. And as they smoked, they promised each other to forget their quarrels and live in peace.

Manito, the Master of Life, smiled upon them; then he vanished from sight in rolling clouds of smoke. But the tribes rode homeward side by side, and there was no more war.

(*Adapted from The Song of Hiawatha, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*)

After the lesson, read the following verses from Isaiah.

The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young

ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

(*Isaiah 11: 6, 7, 9.*)

Tell the children that this is the same man who wrote about The Call (Lesson 14). Talk with them about the wild animals, and what usually happens when a wolf comes near a lamb. Connect the passage with the lesson story and the peace kept by the Indians.

Expressional Work

Dramatization: This story is easily dramatized. The following scenes are suggested: Manito makes the Peace-Pipe; the Indians see the smoke in the distance, and start for the mountains; Manito addresses the warriors; they obey and smoke the pipe of peace.

For note-book work, a leaf is furnished for an original drawing.

Home Work

This story makes an attractive game for out-doors. The children's common-sense should be depended upon for keeping it from being too realistic. They play games of war; why not of peace?

For correlative reading, *St. Nicholas* has a story in the January issue for 1916 called "Marie-Laure," by Katherine MacDowell Rice. Modern "peace-pipes" have been frequent in the great European War. See Kreisler's *Four Weeks in the Trenches* for a friendly exchange of tobacco between Austrians and Russians.

PART IV

JESUS AND THE FATHER

THEME

Every good gift and every perfect boon is from above, coming down from the Father of lights.

James 1:17.

JESUS AND THE FATHER

The Purpose of the Group

It was Jesus more than any other of God's prophets who taught us to call God our Father. The lessons of this group present the relationship between the Father and his children as closer, more direct and personal, than those we have had before. Hitherto, we have seen God and his children in the world; now we enter the secret chamber. It is hoped that none of the five lessons need be omitted. Unless Easter is very late, they will fill the month leading to the Easter festival; but if they extend beyond it, no harm will be done.

LESSON 26

"THINE INNER CHAMBER"

The Purpose

ıs is a lesson on prayer, and is intended to teach ıeaning of an intimate personal relationship with
It will be largely a conversation lesson, devel- through reading the selections printed on the for the pupil's note-book, and encouraging the ren to talk about them. In addition to the say- of Jesus given here, the teacher should read for ›wn enrichment the section from which they are ı,—Matthew 6: 5-15.

The Approach

view the story of the boy Jesus in the temple. he class tell it, each child contributing something. ·eparing the lesson yourself, reduce this story to ;ions, so that you will be better able to prompt the s, and help them to keep a logical order in the g. How old was Jesus? Why had he never to Jerusalem before? How long a journey was it? t did they do on the way? What did Jesus like ın Jerusalem? How often did he go there? What ened when his parents had started for home? ·e did they find him? What did he say?

›p the telling of the story with the words, "My er's house." Tell them that Jesus always thought ›d in this way. God was his Father. When he was or unhappy, he told God about it. If he needed

anything, he asked God for it. If God gave it to him, he thanked him; if it wasn't given, he knew that he hadn't needed it after all. When he grew older and began to teach, he told people that God was their Father, too.

The Presentation

Some of the things he said are printed on your leaf for to-day. (Distribute the leaves and ask one of the pupils to read the first passage.)

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret.

(*Matthew 6: 6.*)

Where do we say prayers? Are we alone? Often not. (Let the children say who are with them, at home or in church or in school.) Do we think of the people about us when we are praying?—or when we are listening to the prayer of the minister? We ought not to. Why? Because we are talking to God. Is it easy to do two things at once? Not if we do them well. If we think of the pictures on the wall or what dress our friend has on when we are trying to pray in Sunday school, I'm afraid we might not make God hear. It is really easier to pray when we are quite alone. When Jesus had been preaching all day, and hundreds of people had followed him about, eager to catch a glimpse of his face or to touch the edge of his cloak, he used to slip away from them all at evening, and climb a hill where he could watch the stars come out, and be alone with God. Do you remember some one else, who found God on a hill at night? Yes, it was Jacob at Bethel. He was afraid at first; but I am sure

Jesus was never afraid. He knew that God was taking care of him, and he liked to be alone with him so much that he sometimes stayed there all night. When he saw the red glow of the sunrise from his hill, he would go back to his friends, feeling strong and rested. He was glad of the long, sunny days because he could do so much to help other people; glad of the long, starry nights because they brought him so close to his heavenly Father. When you go to sleep at night, you must think of that.

What do you think it means to "enter into thine inner chamber"? Is it a room? It might be, but it means—going to a hill at night? Yes, only if you had someone with you who talked all the time, that wouldn't be entering into an inner chamber, would it? Alone! Yes, that is the word. We must be alone with God, whether we are actually alone, as Jesus was on the hill, or are thinking only of what we are saying to God, as when we pray in Sunday school. Jesus wasn't always alone when he prayed. He had all his disciples about him when he said for them what we call the Lord's Prayer.

What are the next verses printed on your leaf?

(Go through the prayer, verse by verse, making sure the children understand the meaning of the difficult words, such as "hallowed".)

How many of you can say it without reading it? Let us close our eyes, enter into our inner chamber, and say it to our heavenly Father.

Hand-Work

The decorative border may be colored, either in class or at home.

Home Work

It is suggested that the passage on entering into one's inner chamber be memorized. The children are supposed to know the Lord's Prayer by heart, at this age.

Reading references from *The Little Child at the Breakfast Table* are VIII, p. 21, X, p. 23, XI, p. 24, XXII, p. 37.

LESSON 27

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN

The Purpose

THIS is also a lesson on prayer. To the thought of the preceding lesson is added that of modesty before God. We should not boast of the good deeds we have done before our heavenly Father.

The Approach

Review the passage on praying in secret. Have the class repeat it. If anyone has already memorized the verse at home, let him lead the others as if he were the teacher. Ask again what it means, and make any further explanations necessary. Pupils sometimes appear to forget from one lesson to another, although their apparent forgetfulness is often only lack of ability to express themselves.

Tell the class something of the people to whom Jesus talked. First there were his disciples. They were his best friends, and went about the country with him, helping him where they could. Then there were the poor people, who loved him and were always glad to hear him when he taught them. Also, there were other people called Pharisees. They were well educated, very religious, and exceedingly careful about the company they kept. If they were living today, they would go to church every Sunday, give a great deal of money for the support of the church, and would not have much to do with people who attended any other

church. In Jesus' time, they particularly looked down upon a class of people called publicans. These men collected taxes, and the Pharisees hated them so that they used to speak of publicans and sinners in one breath. Yet Jesus had friends who were publicans.

Who, do you think, of all these people,—disciples, the poor, Pharisees, publicans,—would be least apt to remember what Jesus said? If they were in our class, which of them would have the hardest time understanding the passage we have repeated together?

(Do not press the class for answers until after you have told the story. The questions are part of the preparation for a better understanding of the story.)

Jesus told a story one day which will show you what he thought about it.

The Pharisee and the Publican

Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself. "God, I thank thee, that I am not like other men, getting money that doesn't belong to them, like this publican. I go regularly to the temple, every year I give to thee a tenth of all my property." But the publican, standing at a distance, would not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven, but struck his breast, and said, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." I say unto you, this man went down to his house nearer to God than the other; for everyone that exalteth himself shall be humbled; but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

(*Adapted from Luke 18: 9-14.*)

Application

What did the Pharisee ask for? What did he say to God? Do you notice that Jesus said that he prayed "with himself"? Does your father like to have you tell him how much better you are than the other children? Did the Pharisee have his mind wholly on his prayer? Why not? (He must have had one eye on the publican to mention him.)

Tell how Jesus warned his followers not to pray standing on street-corners, "that they might be seen of men." (Matthew 6: 5). If the class has had the story of the Widow's Mites, recall it, to show how conspicuous was the giving of the rich men. (Mark 12: 41-44). It isn't the giving which is wrong, but wishing everyone to know that we give. We call it boasting.

What did the publican think of himself? Do you think he was really a sinner? Perhaps he was, but it is better to be sorry for the little wrong things we have done, than to forget them and be proud because we have done a few little good ones. God will think more of us. That is the meaning of the last sentence in the story. Everyone that thinks a great deal of himself shall be sorry; but he that is sorry for the wrong things he has done, shall be lifted up and made glad; for his heavenly Father will hear him and answer his prayer.

Expressional Work

The skeleton story is more directly like the narrative in Luke than the adaptation. Explain that tithes means a tenth given each year, that an extortioner gets money unjustly, and that the Pharisee had the publican in mind when he said it. People often think that they are taxed more than they should be.

Home Work

Review with the children the story of the Pharisee and the publican. A picture which illustrates it very well is by Doré, (Wilde's Bible Pictures, 120 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.)

A supplementary story is Laura E. Richard's parable, "A Misunderstanding," in *The Golden Windows*.

LESSON 28

"SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND"

The Purpose

MANY little children begin by believing implicitly that God will give them anything they pray for, and the disappointments which follow are among the hardest of problems, both for mother and teacher. This lesson offers a possible solution. The sick man had perfect confidence in the power of Jesus to heal him; but it required considerable effort on the part of his friends to bring him into the presence of Jesus. It is not enough to have faith; we must do our part. The words of Jesus, "Ask, and it shall be given you," are followed directly by the command, "Seek, and ye shall find"; and seeking means action.

The Approach

Have you ever asked God for anything which you didn't receive? Why do you think he didn't give it to you?

Perhaps you didn't need it, or it might have done you harm. If the baby wanted to take a live coal out of the fire-place, you wouldn't let him do it, although he might think he wanted it so much that he would cry when you pulled him away.

Or perhaps there is another reason why God doesn't always give us what we ask for. I hope you can tell me what it is, after you have heard this story.

The Sick Man of Capernaum

Capernaum was a fishing town on the Sea of Galilee. Jesus was well known there. He had preached in the synagogue. He had visited at Peter's house. He had healed many who were sick.

So when he came back to Capernaum, after preaching in other parts of Galilee, the report spread, and the people flocked to the house in which he was staying; for they wished to lose no word of what he might say.

Now there was a sick man in Capernaum, who had been waiting eagerly for Jesus to come back. This man had to lie flat on his back, day and night. It was hard to bear, but he was fortunate in having four loyal friends, one for each corner of his bed. When they learned that Jesus was in the town, they lifted the sick man and carried him down the narrow street until they came to the house. For they were sure that if their friend could once come near Jesus, he would be healed, as so many others had been before him.

The bed was easy to carry, for it was not like ours. It was nothing more than a heavy quilt, or soft rug, which lay on the floor. When they lifted it, the man lay comfortably, as if he were being carried in a hammock. He thought, as they went on, coming nearer and nearer to Jesus, how soon he would be able to walk, and perhaps carry his bed home himself.

But when they came to the house, there was such a crowd about the door that they could not get in! It would have been hard for one man to elbow his way through, but for four men carrying another on a bed, it was impossible. What could they do?

Then one of them saw that they could edge their way along the side of the house to the back, where an outside staircase led to the roof. This was not nearly

so easy as carrying their friend along the street, for the staircase was narrow and had no rail. They went up very slowly, and when they finally reached the top in safety, I think they must have laid the sick man down with a sigh of relief.

But even then, their work was not done. Their friend wished to be brought directly before Jesus. There was only one thing to do. They made a hole in the roof, tied ropes to the four corners of the bed, and let the sick man slowly down until he lay at Jesus' feet.

And Jesus? We can believe that he stopped talking when he saw a hole being made in the roof over his head. He watched to see what would happen, and the crowd watched with him. When the sick man was lowered, it was very still in the house, and Jesus thought how much this man must want to see him, and what good friends he must have, to have taken so much trouble. Many men would have turned back when they found they could not get through the door.

Then Jesus healed the sick man, saying to him,

"Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thy house."

The man got up, took the bed upon his shoulders, and went out into the street.

(*Adapted from Mark 2: 1-12.*)

Application

What was it that the sick man wanted? How did he get it?

Now who can tell me a reason why we don't always get what we pray for? Yes; because we fail to work hard enough ourselves. In this case, the man's friends worked for him because he wasn't able to walk, and

often other people help us; but we too must do all that we can. I feel sure that the sick man in the story was patient, and encouraged the men who were carrying him, and that he thanked them afterward.

Expressional Work

Read the verses (Matthew 7: 7-9), which are printed on a leaf for the note-book, with a capital to be colored.

Home Work

The verses for the note-book are valuable memory work for children of eight. They may be learned separately, or as a passage.

The story of Ruth (Ruth 1, 2) is used in the text-book "*Living Together*," which precedes this in the course, and it would be well to review it in this connection. Ruth gave herself in service for Naomi, and her hard work brought reward.

LESSON 29

THE PRODIGAL SON

The Purpose

THE Parable of the Prodigal Son is told here to show the love of the Father for the child who goes wrong. It also teaches that the child must acknowledge his wrong-doing and be sorry for it before he can realize the Father's love.

The Approach

I once knew a little girl who used sometimes to do things which she thought her mother and father would not like. She was usually afraid to tell at first, but she never could be quite happy until she did tell. I'll not tell you what she did. It wouldn't be fair to the little girl. But I suppose you know how she felt.

The story this morning is about a boy who lived a long time ago; he would not mind our knowing—especially since it is a story which Jesus told his disciples.

The Prodigal Son

There was once a father who had two sons. The older of the two was a good boy, who never gave his father any trouble; but the younger was restless. He wanted more money, so that he could spend all he wished, instead of having to stop and think as we do when our fathers give us only an allowance. He went to his father and asked him to give him what he

intended to leave him in his will. The father was sorry that his son was in such a hurry to spend his money, but he divided his property, giving half to the older son and half to the younger; and for a time, the restless son was more contented.

But his contentment didn't last long.

"I am so tired of this commonplace little town where I have lived all my life," he said, "so tired of seeing the same houses, the same people day after day in the same narrow streets. I really believe I could tell how many paving stones there are in each street. I will go away to cities where the streets are wide and smooth, where the houses are high with beautiful porches, where the people are gay and always ready for a good time."

He went away the very next morning.

He enjoyed himself at first just as he had expected he would. He was welcomed because he spent his money freely. He gave dinners which cost a great deal, and he dressed extravagantly. He forgot all his father had taught him. He was having too good a time to think of his father at all.

One morning he woke up to find that he had spent every penny. He went out, hoping to borrow from the friends who had come so often to his dinners; but when they found that he was poor, they were unwilling to lend him money. He had to sell his fine clothes to get food, and at last even those were gone. The time had come when he must work for his living.

He went to a farmer and asked him to employ him as a servant. He was sent out into the fields to look after the pigs.

This was a fall indeed for the fine gentleman who had always had everything he wished for. But worse was to come. The crops failed, and there was little for any-

one to eat, even those who had money. The poor servant looking after the pigs was very hungry. He wondered if he might not eat the husks which he fed to the swine.

All this time, he had been ashamed to go back to his father. Yet if he had only known it, that father was watching the road by which his son had gone away, watching and waiting, hoping that one day he might see him coming back.

At last the son came to his senses. He cried,

"How many hired servants of my father have enough and to spare, and I perish here with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say to him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me one of thy hired servants.' "

So the prodigal son went home, but when he was yet a long way off, his father saw him, and he ran to meet him and took him in his arms, rags and all, and kissed him.

"Father," began the son brokenly, "I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son."

But he stopped there, for his father was calling to a servant,

"Bring forth quickly the best robe, and put it on him: and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet; and let us eat and be merry: for this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

(*Adapted from Luke 15: 11-24.*)

Application

What Father do you think Jesus meant in this story? Yes, God. He meant to tell us that our heavenly

Father never forgets any of us, and that when we do wrong, he still loves us and waits for us to say we are sorry so that he can take us back. But I think he meant something else. It isn't enough to tell our heavenly Father we are sorry, is it? We must tell our father and mother on earth, or else the people to whom we have done wrong. That is one of the ways in which we can show God that we really are sorry.

Expressional Work

The parable is printed on the pupils' leaves for a reading lesson, with the usual decorative border for color work.

Home Work

The Twenty-third Psalm should be read in connection with this lesson. Tell the children that the writer of this psalm trusted God as the son in the story came to trust his Father. The last line is especially significant.

LESSON 30

THE LAST SUPPER

The Purpose

The most impressive thing, humanly speaking, about the Last Supper, is the loneliness of Jesus. Leonardo da Vinci realized this when he painted the scene, making the excited disciples sway to the right and left of the Master, so that he sits alone. One of his friends had betrayed him; he is about to go into that unknown country where the faithful friends can not follow at once. Yet, "in my Father's house are many mansions." The faith of Jesus in his Father fills all the lonely, empty space with warm light. It is the time in all the story of his life when he comes nearest to God.

The Approach

Children rightly give little thought to death. They are concerned with the affairs of this life, although they do stop, now and then, to ask the eternal question. But the surer approach would be to ask if they have ever been lonely. Perhaps they have been away from home and wanted their mothers. By recalling such a want, they can better appreciate Jesus' instinctive longing for his heavenly Father, in his great loneliness.

The Last Supper

Do you remember how Jesus went to Jerusalem when he was a boy? Now he was a man; but he had come to Jerusalem again at the same season of the year. Prob-

ably he thought of that day when he came up from Nazareth with his father and mother, and saw the city crowded with people. It was crowded now. All day, men and women and little children swarmed up and down the narrow streets and climbed the steps to the temple. At night, Jesus and the twelve disciples had to go outside to find a place to sleep.

All the week, Jesus had been teaching in the courts of the temple. Many had heard him and were ready to follow him; but the chief priests and the Pharisees were afraid of him. He said things they did not like; his friends were ready to make him King of the Jews. Yet they dared not arrest him in the city, for fear the people would become a howling mob to save him. They must wait until they could find out where he spent the night, that they might arrest him secretly. And at last, Judas Iscariot, one of the twelve, went to the chief priests and the Pharisees and told them where they could find Jesus,—told them for thirty pieces of silver!

It was Thursday evening, the night when all the people who had come to Jerusalem ate supper together. This was the day of the week when they thanked God especially for his goodness in caring for them. The Twelve came to Jesus and asked him where they should go to eat their supper of thanksgiving.

"Go into the city," said Jesus, "and there shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water; follow him; and wherever he shall enter in, say to the goodman of the house, 'The Master saith, Where is my guest-chamber, where I shall eat the Passover with my disciples?' And he will himself show you a large, upper room, furnished; there make ready."

The disciples went into Jerusalem, and found the room as Jesus had said. They prepared for the supper,

and at evening, they met there and sat down. All over the city, people were eating happily together; but Jesus felt very lonely. He knew, what the others did not know, what Judas had told the chief priests; he believed that when he was arrested, he would be put to death, and that this was the last supper he would ever eat with his friends.

He must tell them presently; but first he would do some little thing for them, to show his love. Their feet were tired and dusty from tramping about all day, so Jesus took a towel and basin of water, and bathed the feet first of one, then of another of the disciples, until all the twelve were clean. And at first, they protested, especially Peter. Why should their beloved Master wait upon them? It would have been much more fitting if they had bathed his feet and taken care of him. But he told them to care for each other in the days to come, to serve each other as he was serving them.

They began to eat supper, and as they were eating, Jesus said,

"I say unto you that one of you shall betray me."

They were "exceeding sorrowful" and they looked at each other saying, "Is it I?" But Jesus said,

"The hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table."

And again they questioned each other, wondering which of them could do such a thing.

"Is it I, Master?" said Judas. And Jesus replied,

"Thou hast said."

Judas rose and left the room.

There were windows in the large room, but no light came through them now. It was night. Jesus could remember the nights he had spent on the quiet hills, alone with his heavenly Father: and although he

had never been so lonely in his life, his Father had never seemed so near. Then he began to feel less lonely, since he was going to his Father so soon. He must tell his friends how he felt about it. They looked very sad indeed, since they had heard about Judas. They too were beginning to understand that this was the last supper.

"Let not your heart be troubled," said Jesus. "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you, . . . that where I am, ye may be also. For ye know where I am going, and ye know the way."

Then one of the disciples, named Thomas, said,

"Master, we know not where thou art going; how can we know the way?"

Jesus said,

"If ye obey my commandments and keep my word, ye will find the way to my Father."

Another of the disciples, Philip, said,

"Master, show us the Father, and we shall be satisfied."

Jesus said to him,

"Hast thou not understood, Philip, all this time that I have been with you, that the Father works through me? Why, then, dost thou say, 'Show us the Father?' "

And he told them again that they must not be troubled because he was going to the Father, and that if they loved him, they must live as he had taught them and teach others.

So they rose and sang a hymn together before they went out into the darkness.

How well the disciples kept the words of Jesus we know; for in after years they wrote these words down, and we to-day understand also how close to his heavenly Father Jesus was, although he lived on earth nearly two thousand years ago.

Expressional Work

The text, while not required for memory work, is printed on the pupil's leaf, with a decorative capital to be colored:

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

(*John 13: 34.*)

Home Work

There is so much supplementary reading possible for this lesson that it is difficult to choose. The thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians has many phrases appealing to children, and it will do them no harm to hear the passages which are as yet beyond their understanding. Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem," (in *Apples of Gold* by Clara Bancroft Beatley) is suitable for this grade. Section X, page 23, of *The Little Child at the Breakfast Table*, has a poem by W. C. Gannett, called "In the Father's House," which expresses perfectly the "many mansion" idea.

PART V

DOERS OF THE WORD

THEME

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only.
James 1:22.

DOERS OF THE WORD

The Purpose of the Group

JESUS was above all a practical teacher. The words near the close of the Sermon on the Mount are significant.

Every one therefore who heareth these words of mine, and doeth them, shall be likened unto a wise man, who built his house upon the rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon the rock.

(*Matthew 72:4,25.*)

This final group of lessons contains stories of the Father's children who fulfill the word through their deeds; they not only hear, they act. The theme of each lesson is taken from the teachings of Jesus. While the stories are in only two instances taken from the Bible, it is hoped that they will make more vivid the passages they illustrate, and strengthen the relationship between the children and the great Leader of our faith.

LESSON 31

THE STORY OF STEPHEN

The Purpose

"He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

(*Matthew 10: 39.*)

This saying of Jesus to his disciples was carried out to the letter in the case of Stephen, the first of the Followers of the Way to die for his faith. The story is told here as an inspiring example of pure courage,—the courage of a man who followed his Master without counting the cost.

The Approach

Review briefly the group of lessons about Jesus. What were some of the things he taught?

He also meant his disciples to be brave, to tell others the truth without being afraid. "What I tell you in the darkness, speak ye in the light: and what ye hear in the ear, proclaim upon the housetops. And be not afraid of them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul."

(*Matthew 10: 27, 28.*)

The story to-day is about one of his followers who was not afraid.

The Story of Stephen

On the night of the Last Supper, Jesus was arrested by the chief priests and the Pharisees and put to death.

The Twelve were scattered at first; then, little by little, they came back to Jerusalem and began to preach as Jesus had done. Priests and Pharisees tried to stop them, but it was of no use. The number of those who believed in Jesus was greater every day.

Stephen was not of those who had been with Jesus at the Last Supper, but no one of the disciples was more earnest or a more powerful preacher of the truth which Jesus had taught. He would preach whenever he could get two or three people together, in houses, on the street, at the very gate of the temple. He spoke so well that the wise men from the temple tried to argue with him, tried to prove that he was all wrong in saying that Jesus had been a great teacher, that what Jesus had said was true. But they never could get the better of him.

So men were found who said that Stephen had declared that Jesus would come back and destroy the temple. You know how the Jews loved the temple, how Josiah the king had repaired it, how Nehemiah had hoped to see it rebuilt. Anyone who said that the temple should be destroyed was a dangerous person and ought not to be allowed to go free. Stephen was arrested and brought before the same men who had condemned Jesus to death.

But Stephen was unmoved, except that he felt his faith in Jesus growing stronger, until all who sat in the council "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

The men who had accused him and caused his arrest made their statement.

"We have heard him say that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place, and shall change the laws which Moses gave us."

The high priest said,

"Are these things so?"

Stephen began to speak. Not a wise man in the council knew the history of his people any better than Stephen. He began with Abraham and his journey into the land of Canaan. He spoke of Joseph and his father Jacob, and how they happened to go into Egypt. He told how Moses led the Hebrew people back from Egypt until they saw the Promised Land. All of these stories which you know and others which you will read some day were in Stephen's mind as he talked, and the priests and the lawyers, the wise men who sat in the council, were still and listened; for although they had heard all these stories before, they liked them so much that they could not hear them often enough, and Stephen was a powerful preacher. He could tell stories so well that no one could help listening. And yet, the priests and the lawyers and the other wise men did not feel quite comfortable. Stephen kept saying little things which made them squirm, as if some one had pricked them with a pin. Some of the stories were not pleasant to hear, because they told of the mean things the Hebrews had done and the mistakes they made,—how cruel they had been to certain of their leaders, for instance, Moses. These were stories they would have preferred to forget; but Stephen put them all in and told them just the same as he did the pleasant ones.

Presently he said,

"But Solomon built him a house."

Now, they thought, he had come to the important matter, for the house he spoke of was the temple in which they were sitting.

"Howbeit, the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands; as saith the prophet,

'The heaven is my throne,

'And the earth the footstool of my feet:

'What manner of house will ye build me? saith the Lord:

'Or what is the place of my rest?

'Did not my hand make all these things?'"

The men who sat in the council began to be angry. Stephen meant to tell them that they had forgotten that God was everywhere, and not only in the temple, that no matter how great the temple might be, it couldn't keep God from being in the world outside. They thought so much of themselves that they could not bear to be told that they were wrong in anything. But what was Stephen saying now?

"Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the spirit of God: as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets did not your fathers persecute? and they killed them who told of the coming of Jesus, the Righteous One, whom ye murdered; ye, who received the law as it was set forth by angels and kept it not."

Stephen had dared his utmost. He had called the wise men of the council law-breakers and murderers! They sprang from their seats in a fury. They forgot who they were, where they were, forgot that they were supposed to be giving this man a fair trial. The room was in an uproar. But Stephen, lifting his eyes, said in a clear voice which soared above the din,

"Behold, I see the heavens opened, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God."

Thereupon the Jews cried out the louder to drown his voice, and stopping their ears, drove him out of the temple and hunted him through the city, beyond the gates. As they ran, one threw a stone, and then others, until, outside the city, they stripped off their cloaks that they might throw better. But Stephen fell on

his knees at last crying, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." And when he had said this, he fell asleep. So the Jews took up their cloaks again, and went back to the city, leaving Stephen lying on the ground. But when they had all gone, his friends the disciples took his body and reverently buried it in a quiet place.

Application

How do you think the disciples felt after Stephen's death? Were they afraid to preach any more? No, they were braver than ever. They never forgot Stephen, but if he had been a coward, he would have been forgotten, and his story would not have been in our Bible. As it is, people have read it for over a thousand years, and have been more ready to tell the truth without being afraid.

Expressional Work

The text, to be memorized and colored, is taken from the exhortation of Joshua to the Israelites as expressing more simply the principle of courage than the figurative words assigned to Jesus in the Gospel. One needs to be strong and of a good courage to proclaim truth "upon the house-tops."

Memory Verse

Be strong and of a good courage.
Joshua 1:18.

Home Work

The story of Stephen is told in the sixth and seventh chapters of the Book of Acts; but it needs to be somewhat condensed for children. This is a good time to

review the courageous deeds of other "Children of the Father", such as Joseph, who had courage to obey even when he could not find his brothers; John Robinson, who endured ridicule and abuse for the sake of his belief; John the Baptist, who was not afraid to speak the truth; David, Josiah the King, and above all Daniel, who was not unlike Stephen in the peculiar quality of his courage, although fortunate in having to face beasts instead of infuriated men. The father or mother who has followed the course can recall these stories with the children, asking in what way the heroes are like Stephen.

For those who desire pictures, Fra Angelico has illustrated the preaching of Stephen in a naively charming way. His fresco in the Chapel of Nicholas V, in the Vatican, is reproduced by the Bureau of University Travel, Trinity Place, Boston, Mass. The number of the print is 127, Series B.

LESSON 32

HOW PETER WAS SET FREE

The Purpose

THE story of Peter's strange escape from prison is a lesson in the power of faith. "All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." (Matthew 21: 22.) It is a story which appeals to the imagination of us all alike,—children, mature thinkers, painters of pictures. No miracle was necessary to get Peter out of prison. The disciples escaped more than once with the aid of a friendly jailor. Peter himself "wist not that it was true which was done by the angel, but thought he saw a vision." In this matter-of-fact age, at least, God's angels take human form. But to the writer of the Book of Acts, God did send his angel in answer to the prayer of the faithful, and the account is too beautiful to be tampered with. If the children question, or the teacher wishes to satisfy her own conscience *after* the story, she may say that God may have put it into the heart of some one who had the keys to the prison to set Peter free, and that he seemed like an angel to Peter because he was so happy to come out of his dark cell into the clear night. The fact remains that Peter escaped. The prayers of his friends were answered.

The Approach

Talk with the class about what Jesus said concerning prayer. Have them repeat the memory verse, "Ask and it shall be given you."

Who remembers Peter? Who was he?

This is a story about him. It happened soon after the death of Stephen.

How Peter was Set Free

Now about that time, Herod the king began to persecute the followers of Jesus. And he killed James the brother of John with the sword. And when he saw that it pleased the Jews, he proceeded to seize Peter also. It was during the week of the Passover. And when he had taken him, he put him in prison, and gave him to four guards of four soldiers each, intending after the Passover to bring him forth and put him to death.

Peter, therefore, was kept in the prison; but all his friends prayed to God for him most earnestly.

When Herod was about to bring him forth to put him to death, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with chains: and guards before the door kept the prison. And behold, an angel of the Lord stood by him, and a light shone in the cell: and he touched Peter on the side, and awoke him, saying, Rise up quickly. And his chains fell from off his hands. And the angel said unto him, Gird thyself and bind on thy sandals. And he did so. And he said unto him, Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me. And he went out, and followed; and he knew not that it was true which was done by the angel, but thought he saw a vision.

And when they were past the first and second ward, they came to the iron gate that leadeth into the city; which opened to them of its own accord; and they went out and passed on through one street; and straightway the angel departed from him.

When Peter realized where he was, he said, Now I

know of a truth, that the Lord hath sent forth his angel and saved me out of the hand of Herod. And when he had thought it over, he came to the house of Mary the mother of John Mark, where many had come together and were praying. There he knocked at the door, and a maid, named Rhoda, came to answer; but she, knowing his voice, was so glad that she did not stop to open the door, but ran in and said that Peter stood outside. And they said to her, Thou art mad. But she declared that it was so. And they said, "It is his angel." And Peter continued knocking: and when they had opened the door, they saw him, and were amazed. But he, motioning with his hand for them to be quiet, told them how the Lord had brought him forth out of the prison. And he said, Tell these things to James and the others. And then he went away and left the city. Now as soon as it was day, there was no small stir among the soldiers, what had become of Peter.

(*Adapted from Acts 12: 1-18.*)

Expressional Work

We like to think to-day that angels are really people who do beautiful things; but Raphael, the great painter, made a picture of Peter's angel which shows him to be quite unlike Peter, at least. You see he is stronger and younger, and there is a bright light around him. But he has Peter's hand in his and is leading him out of the dark prison into the street, where Peter can go free.

Home Work

Apples of Gold contains a number of beautiful selections which are suitable to be read to children in con-

nection with the thought in this lesson. Among them are the hymn, "God is Love," by John Bowring, parts of the poem by Richard Chenevix Trench, "Our Father's Home," and "A Good-Night Song," by Emma Endicott Marean.

LESSON 33

ST. FRANCIS AND THE SULTAN

The Purpose

THIS is a lesson in loving enemies. It shows how sensible such a course may be.

Memory Verse

Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you; that ye may be children of your Father who is in heaven. **Matthew 5:44, 45.**

The Approach

Repeat the memory verse several times with the class. The word persecute has been frequently used in these lessons, but make sure that the children understand it. Translate it into concrete terms, such as torment, tease. They will know very well what it means. Does persecuting do any good? Why not?

This story of St. Francis will show what he thought about it.

St. Francis and the Sultan

St. Francis was afraid of nothing. He wore a brown gown, tied in at the waist by a rope; he had no shoes, no purse, no money to put in one; he carried no sword. Yet he feared not the heat of the blazing sun, or the chilling wetness of rain, or the fierce winds blowing cold from the snow-covered mountains; he called them his brothers. He was not afraid of hunger or thirst; if

he was hungry he asked for food in the name of God, and it was given him, and as for thirst, were there not brooks, and springs by the wayside? He called wild animals to him, and they were his friends. As for men, they thought him mad at first, because he did not live as they did; but when they knew him, they loved him, for he always met them with a friendly smile, and he would give the gown off his back or the crust he had begged to keep them from cold or hunger.

This story is not about St. Francis and his friends, either men or birds or beasts, but about how he treated an enemy. For all the Christian world thought the Sultan an enemy because he was a Mohammedan and did not call Jesus his master.

For years and years the Holy Land, Palestine, where Jesus had lived and taught men to be kind to each other, had been in the hands of Mohammedans. Army after army of Christians who called themselves Crusaders and wore a red cross pinned on their breasts, had marched against the Sultan. Many brave men had died in battle, all to recover Jerusalem and the tomb in which Jesus had been buried, from the hands of Mohammedans. At the very time when St. Francis was going about Italy, feeding the hungry and healing the sick, and trying to live exactly as Jesus had lived, there was an army of Crusaders in Egypt, where the Sultan then was, making ready to kill and be killed, as men do in battle.

It occurred to Francis that a much simpler and less expensive way would be to go to the Sultan as a friend, tell him about Jesus, and make him a Christian. Then there would be no need of any more battles, for the Holy Land would be ruled by a Christian, which was what the Crusaders wanted. And no sooner had he thought of it, than he made up his mind to go himself.

It was dangerous, of course; the Sultan might not like being converted, he might even put Francis to death. But Francis was not afraid of that, either. He was trying to live like Jesus, and Jesus had died forgiving those who had put him to death. Francis almost hoped he might have the chance to show how brave he could be.

But while Francis was ready and willing to die for Jesus if need be, he was not so sure how others would feel about it. Yet he did want one friend, just for company. So he chose Brother Illuminato, who was like himself as far as courage went. If you had seen him, when Francis asked him to go, after telling him all that the journey might mean, you would have thought that Brother Illuminato had been given the thing he most wanted in all the world!

The two friends started to walk to the sea-port, where there was a ship which would soon sail for Egypt; but as they went, they had a surprise. For every now and then, as they turned a corner, or as they passed through a village, or crossed a green field, they would be joined by other friends, in ones and twos and groups of three or four, all in brown gowns with ropes around their waists, all begging to be allowed to go, too.

Francis did not say no; but by the time they had come to the sea, there were too many brown brothers to go on the ship; and there was only one ship bound for Egypt. And how to say which of his good friends should go and which should stay, Francis did not know! He looked at Brother Illuminato, who shook his head; he looked at the sky, as if there might be help there; at last, he saw a bright-eyed small boy, who had come to see the ship sail. An idea came to St. Francis. He did not know the boy, neither did his friends. The boy should say who were to go, and then no feelings would be hurt.

So it was. The small boy and the brown brothers who were left stood on the pier and watched the ship out of sight.

They came to Egypt and went first to the camp of the Crusaders. There they learned where the Sultan was. His camp was on the other bank of the Nile. It was at quite a distance, and to walk there would be most dangerous; for the Sultan had offered a reward of gold for each Christian whom his Arabs might bring in; and it was said that no captives reached the Sultan alive.

St. Francis was not in the least troubled for himself or for Brother Illuminato; but he would not let any of the other brown brothers run into such danger. He insisted upon their staying in the Crusaders' camp, while he and Brother Illuminato made their way to the Sultan as best they could.

The road was sandy and the sun hot; but they were used to dust and heat. Presently, they saw two sheep, nibbling at the scanty tufts of grass which were dotted over the sand.

"Look!" said St. Francis, "do you not remember that Jesus said to his disciples, 'I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves?' Are not these sheep very like us?"

The wolves appeared presently in the form of fierce Arabs, who beat Francis and Illuminato severely, bound them, and took them to the Sultan. But they took them alive. Perhaps it was because the two friends carried no sword.

The Sultan was surprised. It was a long time since he had seen any live Christians except in battle. But although the Sultan was a Mohammedan, he was also a gentleman, and he treated Francis and Illuminato politely.

There were others in the Sultan's tent, priests of Mohammed. St. Francis was glad, for he hoped to convince them too. He began to preach about Jesus, of his wonderful life and his courage when he was put to death, of what a beautiful thing it was to live as he had taught men to live. The Sultan listened with real interest, as if he had never heard these things before.

When Francis had finished his sermon, he looked around the tent, at the priests of Mohammed. Then he said,

"I would walk through fire to show how I believe in Jesus."

And he begged the Sultan to have a bonfire built in front of the tent, and to select one of his own priests to enter the fire with him, if any of them could be found who thought enough of Mohammed to do it.

The Mohammedan priests went quietly out of the tent just then as if they had business elsewhere. The Sultan smiled, and said that he feared his priests would not care to walk through fire, and he would not ask St. Francis to do it. Instead he offered St. Francis and Brother Illuminato gifts; for like all other men, the Sultan was beginning to love St. Francis.

Again the Sultan was surprised. St. Francis refused the gifts. He could not take money; he carried no purse. His heavenly Father, the Father of his master Jesus, took care of him.

At least, the Sultan hoped, Francis and Illuminato would stay with him as his guests. This they were glad to do. It would give them a marvellous chance to make a Christian out of the Sultan. So for weeks the two followers of Jesus lived peaceably in the camp of the Mohammedans, whom all the world called their enemies.

It is said that the Sultan himself would gladly have become a Christian; but he could not promise to convert his people. So Francis and Illuminato went home without having done what they had dearly hoped for. And yet, I think they succeeded. What do you think?

Lead the class to tell in what ways St. Francis did succeed. Refer again to the memory verse.

Expressional Work

Dramatization: The scene in which St. Francis appears before the Sultan is easily and effectively dramatized. Otherwise there is not much in the story which lends itself to this kind of expression.

The following skeleton story is given for impressing the important elements in the lesson.

Key to the Skeleton Story

This happened when Christians were making (war) on the Mohammedans to get back (Palestine) and the Holy Sepulchre where (Jesus) was buried. St. Francis thought it would be (wiser) to make a (Christian) out of the Sultan, so he went to (Egypt), and made his way to the Sultan's (tent). It was a (long) way, over a hot, (sandy) road, and he had no one with him but Brother Illuminato. Presently a (band) of fierce Arabs seized (Francis) and his friend, and carried them as (prisoners) to the (Sultan). Usually such prisoners were put to death, but Francis spoke so well of his faith in (Jesus) that the Sultan became his (friend). He kept Francis and Illuminato as his (guests) as long as they would (stay), and at last sent them safely (home). It is said that the (Sultan) would have become a (Christian) himself, but was not at all sure that he could make Christians out of his (army).

Home Work

Another delightful story of St. Francis containing this same thought of loving enemies, is that of "The Three Robbers," retold by Sophie Jewett in her story of St. Francis of Assisi called *God's Troubadour*.

Make sure that the children can repeat the memory verse.

LESSON 34

THE ROSE OF HUNGARY

The Purpose

THE purpose of this story, based upon the legend of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, is to make giving attractive.

The Approach

Refer to St. Francis. Why did people love him? Because he "would give the gown off his back or the crust he had begged to keep them from cold or hunger," and because he "always met them with a friendly smile."

St. Francis knew very well a story about Jesus and a certain rich young man. This young man came one day to Jesus and said, "Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may live always?" Jesus said, "Thou knowest the commandments, Do not kill, Do not steal, Honour thy father and thy mother, Love thy neighbor as thyself." "Master," said the young man, "all these things have I observed from my youth." Jesus, looking upon him, loved him. "But one thing thou hast not done. Go, sell whatever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me." But the young man's face fell when he heard this, and he went away sad, for he had a great deal of property.

St. Francis was once a rich young man, but he decided that he *would* sell all of his goods; and when he

was a poor man himself, he kept on giving to the poor, as you have heard.

The memory verse to-day you may know already*, but it will do no harm to say it over again.

Memory Verse

Give to him that asketh thee.
Matthew 5:42.

How do you ask for things? Can you ask without speaking? Does your mother wait until you ask for things before she gives them to you? No, she gives you what you need because she understands. So when you say this memory verse over to yourself, as I hope you will often, think that the asking need not be in words. Your dog can't speak, but he asks for what he wants with his eyes and by wagging his tail. And sometimes a schoolmate who is lonely wants you to play with him, only he doesn't dare ask in words; and yet you know if you look at him what he wants.

The story to-day is about a princess who could give to people who asked without words.

The Rose of Hungary

It was a cold day,—bitterly cold. Two children were trudging along the road which led from the village to the castle. They had to rub their ears now and then to keep them from freezing, and then they would thrust their little red fingers deeper into their pockets, for they had no mittens.

"See!" said one of them. "There comes the Princess Elizabeth."

She did not look like a princess as they saw her afar off, for she was bent nearly double, like the witch in

*It is given with Lesson 22 in *Living Together*.

the fairy tales; but as she came nearer, they saw that she was carrying a great weight in the skirt of her cloak. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes bright as stars reflected in water; and her cloak was warm and rich and bordered with fur, as was fitting for a princess. What the weight was they could not see, for the cloak covered it completely.

They stood aside to let her pass, and the boy took one hand out of his pocket and pulled off his cap. But the princess stopped. The children had said nothing, but she knew at a glance that they were cold and hungry. She dropped on her knees in the snow and let her cloak fall.

Now if you had been there, you would probably have seen everything there was in that cloak; you would have known just what made it so heavy. But the two children were so surprised to have a real princess on her knees before them in the snow that they never looked at the cloak at all. They could not take their eyes off her face,—from the beautiful color in her cheeks, and the star-light in her eyes. And before they knew what had happened, there were warm mittens on their cold hands, and their empty pockets had been stuffed with cakes. Cakes,—not cookies, for all this happened seven hundred years ago.

The princess was on her feet again, with her cloak gathered up, almost before the children had time to thank her. They watched her going down the hill, very slowly, for the road was icy in spots. The sun glittered on the snowy mountains, against a pale blue sky, and everything looked cold except the Princess Elizabeth in her warm, red, fur-bordered cloak.

"What was in that cloak?" said the boy suddenly.

"I smelt roses," said the little girl, who was younger than her brother.

"Roses!" said the boy. "Look at the ice! Roses would be frozen stiff by this time. You were looking at her cheeks and the red cloak. She must have had more mittens and good things to eat. She is going down to our village to give them away. It is just like her. She is always giving things away."

As they climbed the hill, the children talked about the princess. Every child in Eisenach liked to talk about her, for she was like a fairy tale come true. She had been brought to the great castle on the hill when she was only four years old. Her father was King of Hungary and he had given her to their good prince Herman to be the bride of his son Louis. Elizabeth and Louis had been brought up together in the castle, and when Elizabeth was twenty, they were married. So far it was simple. But strange stories were told in the village of what went on at the castle. For Elizabeth was always giving. As a little child she had given her toys to children who had none. Only the other day, a beggar in rags had gone to her for help. Prince Louis was entertaining guests at a splendid banquet, and had asked Elizabeth to wear her richest dress. She was just about to go to the guests when the beggar came. She asked him to wait, but he was so wretched that she took off her rich gown and gave it to him; and then, afraid to meet her husband in anything less splendid, she went to her room. Louis wondered where she was and came to find her; and when he still insisted on her coming, and she went to her wardrobe to see what she had which might do, there hung the very dress she had given to the beggar! Now would any ordinary beggar leave a dress all silk and jewels? Who could the person be who had asked help of Elizabeth? The boy declared that the beggar was unwilling to take so expensive a gift and had put it back in the wardrobe

when nobody was looking; but the girl thought that it might have been an angel in disguise, or even Jesus himself, come to see if Elizabeth really would give the best she had.

But the best thing about the princess was what she gave to the people who didn't beg. It was very strange how she knew what they needed. There was many a poor person in their village who wouldn't have had a fire or enough warm clothing or food if it hadn't been for Elizabeth. And when their baby sister had died, the princess came and sat with their mother a long time, not saying very much,—just sat there by the fire. She seemed to know what people wanted most without their having to ask for it.

"Just as it was to-day," said the boy. "We didn't tell her that we were hungry or that our hands were cold. I wonder how she knew."

Far down the hill, the Princess Elizabeth met her husband, his Highness the Prince Louis of Thuringia. Her cheeks turned from pink to red. Louis did not care how much his wife gave away. He was most generous. But he would not like her carrying so much that it bent her almost double, especially on a morning as cold and icy as this. Also, while she liked to give, Elizabeth did not like to have others know that she was giving. She would much rather not be praised for it. So she tried to stand very straight, and gathered in the folds of her cloak tightly.

"What have you in your cloak, Elizabeth?" asked the prince.

She hesitated; then, very slowly, she loosened the folds of it and looked down.

A moment later, each was going happily along the icy road, Louis up the hill to his castle, Elizabeth down to the village, to give to those who needed help but did

not ask in words. But it is still a question what was in the cloak. For the story has come down to us, through seven hundred years, that when Elizabeth opened her cloak and husband and wife looked down at it, ts folds were filled with red and white roses, more fragrant, fresher, and more beautiful than they had ever seen. At least, Prince Louis understood from that time forth that his wife's giving was as beautiful as the roses, and he never questioned her again. She continued to bring as much happiness to the poor little homes of Eisenach as the red rose which blooms in winter.

Expressional Work

St. Elizabeth of Hungary is always painted with roses, because of this story about her. That is why the design on your leaf for to-day is a rose. In the blank space, I wish you to make a picture of your own of this story,—of the mountains and the castle, of Elizabeth and Louis and the roses; and I am sure you will not forget the two children far up the steep road by this time.

Home Work

Other stories which illustrate sympathetic giving are "What Tommy Found," by Arthur L. Dahl, in *The Beacon* for May 23, 1915, Vol. V, No. 34, and "Doctor Goldsmith," in *Fifty Famous Stories*, by James Baldwin.

Read with the children the Story of Jesus and the Rich Young Man, Matthew 19: 16-22. For an illustration see the print of Hofmann's painting, Wilde's Bible Pictures, No. 112.

Have the memory verse, "Give to him that asketh thee" repeated, and encourage giving to those who do not ask in words, but rather by their need.

LESSON 35

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL

The Purpose

THIS lesson carries a little further the idea of the lesson on St. Elizabeth of Hungary,—that service to man is service to the Father of all and loyalty to the teaching of Jesus.

The Approach

Review the story of St. Francis or of St. Elizabeth, to recall giving, and what it means to give. Ask how many have found ways of giving to people who haven't asked in words.

Jesus was one day telling a story about the kingdom of heaven.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was hungry, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee hungry, and fed thee? or athirst, and gave thee drink? And when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? And when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me.

(*Matthew 25: 34-40.*)

This is another story which was told long ago about a monk who wished to serve Jesus. Do you remember the story of Theocrite? Where did he live? What did the monks do? Recall that they worked at trades, or made beautiful books by hand, and add that they helped the poor people who lived near the monastery.

The Legend Beautiful

He was just a monk, one of many others who lived in the monastery, who rose early each morning and went to service in the chapel, who worked hard all day, and slept soundly at night. One day was like another. Only the weather, cold or heat, rain or snow, made any difference. At noon, the poor came to the gate of the convent, and the monks fed them. Now and then there was a new face at the gate, when a wandering beggar stopped on his way; but usually they were the same, thin and dirty and often sick, and with a scared look in their eyes, as if they were used to being driven away from most doors except this of the monastery.

The monk knelt on the bare floor of his cell. He was trying to pray; but he wished, in between the prayers, that he might have been born earlier. If he could have had the good fortune, for instance, to have been born in Palestine, when Jesus was alive, and to have been with the crowds who followed him, to have come near enough to see how he really looked, perhaps even to have brought him a cup of cold water, then indeed, life would have been worth while.

All at once, it seemed to him that it had lightened in his cell; and then he saw a vision. It was as if Jesus himself stood there, not as he was painted on the convent walls, but as he went about Galilee. It was like

having one's wish granted; the monk forgot the bare cell with its stone floor; it was as if he were in Galilee too. He felt that if he kept very still, he might hear the rippling of water on the shores of the lake. Jesus might even speak.

Suddenly the bell of the monastery began to ring. Never had it sounded so harsh. Never, the monk thought, had it rung so long. If the vision should speak now, he could not hear. Worst of all, the monk knew what that bell meant. It was noon. Outside the gate the poor were waiting, and it was his turn to feed them.

Yet, if he went, he might never again see the vision of Jesus as he saw him now. All the days would be alike again,—sun and rain, wind and snow, work and sleep, and every day the poor. How could he let this great joy go?

Still the bell clanged. The monk rose from his knees and hurried away with many a backward look at the vision still standing in his cell. He could not forget the scared look in the eyes of the beggars who were waiting. If he did not go, it would be another twenty-four hours before they had anything to eat.

There they were, peering through the iron grating,—rags, sharp elbows, thin faces. How different from the vision! And yet, why had he forgotten the words which Jesus had once spoken, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of my brethren, even these least, ye have done it unto me"?

He wondered if he would have knelt if Jesus had come to him in rags? He felt ashamed. He opened the gate, and went out to the poor; and he passed the bread and wine among them as if they were his master and he their servant. They gazed at him in wonder, but the fear went from their eyes.

Then he hurried back to his cell. Would the vision still be there? It was an hour ago, a long hour. He stood in his doorway. Yes! There it was. He fell on his knees again, his heart full of happiness; and now, in the perfect silence, the vision spoke,

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

And the monk understood.

(*Adapted from "The Legend Beautiful," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*)

Expressional Work

The passage from Matthew (25: 34-40) is used as a reading lesson.

Home Work

Longfellow's poem, from which this story is adapted, should interest the children as a different form of expression.

The story of Sir Philip Sidney, from *Fifty Famous Stories Retold* is worth telling in this connection.

LESSON 36

OUR LADY'S TUMBLER

The Purpose

THE famous story of the tumbler who turned monk is retold here to teach the lesson of doing the best one can, even when one's best seems very poor indeed.

The Approach

The appeal of this story to children will be along two lines: their tendency to idealize certain people older than themselves, and their desire to shine with the persons idealized. Usually they think of their achievements in this line as much greater than they are. Humility is short-lived if it lives at all. Tom Sawyer, turning hand-springs in Becky Thatcher's front yard, was as supreme in his nobility as if he had asked her to share with him the governor's mansion; and she was as well satisfied. But the awful possibility of being outdistanced by a rival should enlist their sympathies for Our Lady's Tumbler. Begin, not by asking what persons they idealize—they would not tell if you did ask, —but with the memory verse. Then ask them to think, as you tell the story, how it applies. Be very careful, in telling the story, to keep the tumbler's modesty in the foreground. It would be fatally easy for the children to think that such marvellous agility was the highest service anyone could desire.

Memory Verse

He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much.

Luke 16:10.

Our Lady's Tumbler

He was an acrobat in France. He went about from town to town, dancing and leaping, springing and tumbling, with his heels in the air and his head near the ground, doing all sorts of wonderful tricks with his body which you would have said no human body could be made to do. Wherever he went, a crowd collected. The old men watched him with open mouths; the children laughed and shouted and clapped their hands. When night came, his pockets were heavy with silver, for the good French townsfolk enjoyed his tumbling as they did no other amusement, and they paid well for what they liked.

So the acrobat grew rich. He had horses and gay clothes and money laid away. Still he performed for the people, for it was all he could do. He could not read or sing, he knew no trade, and he was not one to be idle. He was a good man, too, who went regularly to church, for although he could not even say a prayer, he liked to be where others were saying them.

But a day came when he was disgusted with his life, with the continual leaping and springing and tumbling. He felt himself a useless creature to be doing that all the time, when other men were earning an honest living at shoe-making or carpentry or selling goods. There was no chance for him to do these things, however; he did not know how: so he decided to sell his horses and gay garments, and giving all his money to the church to enter a monastery and become a monk, since he so loved the church and God.

He went about it with great earnestness, and soon found himself in the monastery, in company with many other monks, with a little cell to sleep in, long, sunny cloisters to walk in, and the chance to go to church several times each day. But he soon wearied of this, also, for his brother monks all were busy. Each had his trade at which he worked steadily, much as men worked in the towns. Even in church, each monk had something to do, reading the Gospels, reciting a Psalm, or saying a prayer. But our poor minstrel had not even learned the Lord's Prayer! All he could do was to sit still and listen.

One day, as he walked in the cloister, he said to himself,

"Poor wretch that I am, what do I do here? There is no one so low in all the convent but strives to serve God in his own manner; but I have no trade, and I do nothing. Fool was I to come into this place, for I know no prayer, or anything else that is good. I see one working here, another there, but I do nothing but dream away the time and eat my bread to no purpose. Now if anyone notices my idleness, a sorry fall will be mine, for they will cast me out of doors. And here am I, a strong fellow, and yet I do nothing but eat. Truly I am a poor creature in a goodly place."

And he wept and prayed for help.

He went on through the cloister, looking this way and that, until he came to a crypt, which is an underground chapel, and saw there an altar with a statue over it of Mary, the mother of Jesus. He thought that if she were alive, she would pity him. Perhaps he remembered his own mother. He wished more than ever that he might do something for her and for Jesus and his Father in heaven, and despised himself even more hotly because there seemed to be nothing he could

do. So he went down into the cool crypt, dark except for the light from the door and candles burning on the altar, and crouched down on the floor, as close to the altar as he could get.

He stayed there very still and very miserable until he heard music and knew that service was beginning upstairs,—that the monks were going, two by two, to read the Gospel and recite the Psalm and say their prayers. He sprang to his feet ashamed.

"Now everyone is doing his part, and I do nothing. Can I serve in no way? Indeed I will—I will do what I have been taught to do. The others serve by singing, and I will serve by tumbling."

He took off his cloak and made ready. Then he looked up at the statue.

"Gentle Lady, do not despise that which I know, for I would serve you in all good faith, and so may God help me. I know not how to read or sing, but right gladly will I show you my choicest tricks of tumbling."

He began to leap and spring and dance, doing his best. And every now and then, he would go down on his knees before the altar, and say,

"Gentle Lady, despise not my service."

He did all the tricks which the townsfolk had praised most, and finally he invented a new one, and said,

"Lady, this trick did I never before. It is wholly new, and not for common folk."

As long as the service lasted, he leaped and danced until he sank to the ground, completely tired out.

At length, he rose, very hot, and put on his cloak.

"Gentle Lady," he said, "henceforth will I be your servant, and while the others of the convent are chanting, I will come here and tumble for your delight."

Every day he came back and did his best. The others knew that he went every day to the crypt, but

no one knew what he did there; and he did not wish them to know: for his service was unusual, since dancing in church has not often been approved of; and he was afraid that if the abbot, who was head of the convent, knew what he was doing, he might not understand, and would turn him out.

But one of the monks, more curious than the rest, followed him to the crypt and watched through a crack in the door. He saw it all, the leaping high in the air, the dancing and springing and tumbling, the bowing before the altar. At first the monk laughed.

"Truly," he said, "I never saw anything like this before. I wish all the convent were here to enjoy it with me."

But then he was sorry for what he had said, for he saw that the man was not doing it for his own delight, but as a service; for he worked so hard at his tumbling that his face was white and drawn, and when it was over he fell on the ground completely worn out. So, instead of telling the whole convent, the monk went only to the abbot and told him what he had seen.

Next day the abbot and the monk went early to the crypt, and hid in a dark nook near the altar. When the service began upstairs, the minstrel-monk came in, took off his cloak, and began his tumbling. At last, he fell down in a faint, and the abbot and the monk were so sorry that it seemed to them that Mary herself came into the crypt and cared for the minstrel, fanning him and caring for him as his own mother would have done.

The two stole out of the crypt, and the abbot bade the monk say nothing about it, for this was in very truth a good man, who was doing his best.

Soon afterward, the abbot called the minstrel-monk, and asked him to tell him the truth, in what manner he

served. The man was badly frightened; he was sure now that he would be turned out, and he could not bear to go back to his old life in the world. But the abbot urged him, and he told him all his story as you have heard it.

"Brother," said the abbot, "I pledge you my word that you shall be of our fellowship. God grant that we may be as deserving as you. And you and I will be good friends. And I beg and command you, dear friend, to perform your service as you have done before, and yet more diligently, if you are able."

So it was that the acrobat-monk went back to his tumbling before the altar. He was no longer unhappy, since he knew that his service was accepted; and he won great honor with God, for he served well.

(*Adapted from the French legend.*)

Application

Why did the tumbler think that his service was not as good as what the other monks were doing? Why did the abbot think it was right?

Let us repeat the memory verse again. In what way does it remind you of the story?

Expressional Work

The memory verse is printed on the pupil's leaf with a capital to be colored. Remind the children again that the monks did this kind of work.

Home Work

As usual, ask for frequent repetition of the memory verse.

Emerson's *Fable*, "The mountain and the squirrel," is a concise statement of the truth taught in the story of "Our Lady's Tumbler."

LESSON 37

THE PEACE OF ST. CUTHBERT

The Purpose

THE story of St. Cuthbert on the island of Farne teaches us a lesson of trust in the Father, with love and protection for his creatures, especially the birds.

The Approach

Talk for a few minutes with the class about the birds they know. If they were going to tame wild birds, how would they behave?

Read this passage from the Sermon on the Mount:

Therefore I say unto you, Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than the food, and the body more than the raiment? Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them.

(*Matthew 6: 25, 26.*)

There was once a boy who cared for the birds, and who trusted his heavenly Father much as the birds did. This is his story.

The Peace of St. Cuthbert

Cuthbert, the shepherd boy, sat on the ground with his back against a tree. Not that he often sat still. He was so strong that he liked to be in motion. He

would more often climb a tree than sit beneath it. But now, with the sun high, it was pleasant to feel the shade of the giant oak, to sit between its roots as in an arm-chair, to look up through the branches. He could hear the river down below, rippling against its banks where the current was swift. Otherwise, all was still. Even his friends the birds were taking a nap.

Did you ever have a bird so tame that it would eat out of your hand? All birds, even the wildest, were tame with Cuthbert. They would alight fearlessly on his head or hands or shoulders, whether he had food for them or not. They would fly after him when he went after the sheep. He knew all their secrets, where their nests were hidden, when the baby birds would have their first lesson in flying. The mothers never scolded Cuthbert when he counted their eggs. They would even let him take their little ones in his hands and smooth the soft feathers.

This noon, Cuthbert was feeling less joyous than usual. He had made up his mind to leave this happy, out-door life, and the companionship of his feathered friends. Not long ago, he had had a dream which he could not forget. Out of the dark sky came a path of golden light, and down this path, floated bright-winged angels. Then he saw them going upward, carrying a beautiful flower. When he heard next day of the death of the good Bishop of Lindisfarne, Cuthbert believed that the dream had been a vision of angels carrying the Bishop's soul to heaven. He thought about it so much that he decided to become a monk himself. He thought he could do more as a monk than by staying a shepherd all his life. Perhaps some day he might become as great as the Bishop of Lindisfarne himself had been.

(In those days, men thought that the best way to serve God was to enter a monastery. And as you have

seen, in other stories, the monks did a great deal of good.)

So Cuthbert entered Melrose Abbey and became a monk. It was hard at first for a shepherd boy to live so quietly, but he soon found that the poor people about the Abbey, whom he was sent to help, trusted him very much as the birds had. He grew happier and did his work better and better, and when the Abbot died, Cuthbert was chosen to fill his place.

All this time, while Cuthbert was serving men, he never lost the friendship of the birds. Other creatures trusted him, too. Every day, he plunged into the sea; and one cold afternoon, when he came shivering up the beach, two little otters trotted to meet him and rubbed their furry sides against his wet feet until they were warm and dry.

After a time, Cuthbert grew tired of living in the Abbey. He remembered how happy he had been as a shepherd, and believed he could be of more use to men if he gave up being Abbot and lived by himself. He took a boat one day, and rowed himself out to the island of Farne. It was like a mountain peak, rising out of the sea. There were cliffs where the gulls lived and crevices where the sea-birds made their nests, but no trees. Yet Cuthbert liked it so much that he decided to build himself a little house there and live in it the rest of his life.

His house was very tiny. There were only two rooms. One served as bed-room, dining-room, kitchen, and sitting-room. The other was a chapel, where Cuthbert went to pray. The walls were turf and stone, the roof was thatched with straw. It might have been cold, had not the great cliffs behind it kept off the wind. Out of the rocks near by bubbled a spring where Cuthbert got his water, and in a sheltered, sunny spot, he

planted a garden where he raised barley. It seems like a simple, bare life, but Cuthbert was satisfied at last. For he had always believed that his heavenly Father would put food in his way as he did for the birds; and on this lonely island he felt nearer to his Father than he ever had before. Perhaps it was because it was easier for him to enter into his inner chamber.

This does not mean that he never saw people. They came to him in boats from the mainland, and he often went to them, when he could be of help to them. But except for these visits, Cuthbert and the birds had the island to themselves. The birds came to breakfast, dinner, and supper. When he explored the island, they hopped along at his heels or flew about his head and shoulders, just as when he kept the sheep. Once the blackbirds stole his barley and he had to scold them, but it is said that they were so ashamed that they brought him a big lump of suet to make up.

Cuthbert did more for the birds than just to be their friend while he was living. He declared that anyone who hurt the birds would be punished in some way, and that the birds themselves would suffer if they hurt each other. This was called the peace of St. Cuthbert. By this time, the people on the mainland thought of Cuthbert as not being like other men. He seemed to them to be holy, to have more power than they could ever have; and when he said that they would be punished if they ever hurt the birds on the island of Farne they believed him.

After he died, they thought more of this than ever. The people whom he had always helped missed him very much, and the church made him a saint. I think the birds must have missed him too. Perhaps they wondered why men no longer came to shoot them for their beautiful feathers, as they had before

St. Cuthbert came to live on the island. They did not know that he was still protecting them by the word he had spoken before he died.

All this happened centuries ago, but it is said that even to-day the birds on the island of Farne are so tame that they will let anyone pick them up—as if they still felt themselves safe because of the peace of St. Cuthbert.

Expressional Work

A leaf is furnished with blank space for the children to write as many ways as they can think of in which they can care for the birds.

Home Work

There are many beautiful stories and poems about birds. One of the most attractive is "Peter of the Wild Rose Tree," by Patten Beard, in *St. Nicholas* for May, 1914. Section II of *The Little Child at the Breakfast Table* has an anecdote of Luther called "The Bird and the Night." Read Celia Thaxter's poem, "The Sandpiper," and Longfellow's "The Emperor's Bird's Nest."

LESSON 38

THE HOLY GRAIL

The Purpose

THE "word" which governs this lesson is, "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect;" although the spirit of it is better expressed by the form of command as it is given in the authorized version. It is a phrase full of possibilities for the very young, for whom nothing is impossible. It expresses the ideal which is nearer in childhood than it can ever be again, because of the amazing purity of a child.

The story of Sir Galahad has been chosen to illustrate this theme because Sir Galahad was the purest of knights. He is the symbol of youth. From him the Grail is never hidden. It leads him through darkness and danger and the doing of great deeds to the spiritual kingdom where his reward is waiting.

From an ethical point of view, this is one of the lessons from which one may not extract the moral without violating the form of the story and lessening its power. It is a legend dearly loved by children; if your pupils have not met with it already—so that they may help you in the telling—they are sure to meet with it later. It is our privilege to connect it with the text which embodies for all children of the Father the ideal of perfection.

Memory Verse

Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect.

Matthew 5:48.

The Approach

Teach the class the memory verse.

Who said these words?

Explain what the Holy Grail was. Refer to the Last Supper, and to the cup from which Jesus drank. This was afterwards called the Holy Grail, "grail" meaning cup; it was holy because everything connected with Jesus became holy after his death, through the great love of his followers. Many beautiful stories were told about it, and this is one of them.

The Holy Grail

Joseph of Arimathaea loved Jesus with an exceeding great love. He secured the cup from which Jesus drank at the Last Supper and kept it as his most precious possession. When he left Palestine for England, he took the cup with him to Glastonbury, where he built a little church and there kept the cup, or the Holy Grail as it came to be called. Many they were who came to that church to pray; and it was said that whoever could touch the Grail or even see it was cured of all his ills, whether of body or of mind.

But in the meantime, the world was growing more and more wicked. Men forgot the commandments. They stole, they committed murder, they hated their neighbors. Suddenly, the Holy Grail disappeared, and it was said that for the sins of the world it had been snatched away to heaven.

King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table knew the story, but they contented themselves with helping the weak and stamping out wrong where they could. "Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King," was their motto. Yet there came a day when many of them followed something else.

A pure maiden, the sister of Sir Percivale, heard the story of the Grail from a man a hundred winters old. As a boy he had heard the story from a man as old as he was now. Some six hundred years ago, he had been told, the holy cup had disappeared. The old man wished that it might come again; yet no one could see it now who was not pure as snow, "perfect as the heavenly Father is perfect." Who of all the knights was pure as that,—unless, indeed, it be Galahad, the youngest of them all?

"O Father!" asked the maiden, "might it come to me?"

"Perhaps so," said the old man. "Thou art pure."

Then the sister of Sir Percivale prayed and hoped and wished most earnestly that she might see the Holy Grail. And one still night, she was waked by the sounding of a silver horn over the hills; and then there streamed through the window of her room a silver beam, and down the beam slid the Holy Grail, rose-red and throbbing as if alive, until the white walls of her room were warm with reflections from it. But as she looked, the music of the horn died away, the beam faded, and the Grail was gone.

She told Sir Percivale what she had seen, and he told all the knights; and they began to wish and hope and pray, that they might see it as the maiden had.

But Galahad, the youngest of the knights, clad in white armor, had a look in his eyes as if he had already seen it.

Then, on a summer night, when all the knights were sitting in King Arthur's hall, they heard a cracking of the roofs, and rolling thunder, and with the thunder came a cry. A beam of silvery white light shot across the hall, and with it came the Holy Grail. But as

most of the knights saw it, it was covered with a cloud of light. They saw not the form of it or the color, as the maiden had seen. As it passed out of the hall, the knights stared at each other, and each saw the other's face as if it were lighted from within.

At first they could not speak. Then Sir Percivale made a vow, in a loud, clear voice, that since he had not seen the Grail itself, that he would ride a twelve month and a day in search of it, until he found and saw it as it had appeared to his sister.

One after another, the knights took the vow, Galahad first after Percivale. And in the midst of the tumult, King Arthur entered.

"What is all this?" he cried.

But when they told him, he was sad.

"You are following a cloud!" he said. "Has any one of you seen it?"

Galahad's voice came echoing down the hall.

"But I, King Arthur, saw the Holy Grail. I saw it as it passed, and heard a cry, 'Galahad, O Galahad, follow me!' "

"Alas!" said the king, "it is for such as Galahad to follow the vision, but not for the rest of you. I fear you may not see it. But go, since you have made your vows. They cannot be broken."

So the knights went abroad upon their quest; but the King was right. Many of them never came back at all, and those who did, told of strange and terrible adventures, and how the wrong things they had done kept them from seeing the Grail even when it seemed close at hand.

But Sir Percivale told a different tale. He too had had strange adventures, and at last had come to a little chapel where a hermit lived. He was telling the hermit of his wanderings, which seemed like dreadful

dreams, when Galahad, in silver armor, entered the chapel. And Galahad told them that never yet had he lost sight of the Holy Grail. He had passed through pagan kingdoms and made them his; he had overcome the enemies of God; and always, moving with him night and day, he had seen the Grail, rosy-red, on mountain-top and marsh, and it had helped him to conquer in his fight with evil.

"But now," he said, "the time has come for me to be crowned king in the spiritual city. Come thou, too; and when I go, thou shalt see the vision."

So Sir Percivale went with Sir Galahad. Their way led up a hill, rough with empty river-beds and hard to climb; and round the top a storm was raging. The lightning flashed continually on Sir Galahad's silver armor. It struck the dry old trunks of rotten trees, and they blazed up until all the hill was bright with fire. At the foot of the hill on the other side was a black swamp, which they could not have crossed had not some king in days of old built bridges which ran out from it into the sea. Galahad ran rapidly over the bridges, and Sir Percivale would have followed but could not, for each bridge caught fire and burned after Galahad passed over. But Percivale saw him far out on the great Sea; he could tell him by his silver armor: and over his head hung the Holy Grail, still in a cloud of light. And then again he saw him—was he in a boat that ran so swiftly, and had he set the sail?—and he was like a silver star; but the Holy Grail above him hung glowing like a rose: and Percivale was glad, for at last he had seen it!

In a moment, the sky blazed again; and Percivale saw the tiniest of little stars, and beyond it, like a glowing pearl, the spiritual city with her spires and gateways. Then from the star shot out a rose-red

sparkle to the city, and Percivale knew that the Holy Grail would never again be seen on earth.

How he got back he never knew; but he found the little chapel and the hermit, and taking his war-horse, mounted it and rode back to the hall of King Arthur, where he told his story.

(*Adapted from "The Holy Grail" in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."*)

Expressional Work

A print of Sir Galahad, from the painting by Watts, is to be pasted into the frame.

Home Work

Ask for the memory verse, and encourage the retelling of the story. There are many arrangements of the King Arthur tales for children. One of the most interesting is *The Story of the Grail and the Passing of Arthur*, by Howard Pyle.

LESSON 39

THE SILVER CANDLESTICKS

The Purpose

THE story of Jean Valjean and the Bishop is often used to illustrate the power of forgiveness, or the policy of turning the other cheek; but here it is told to arouse the pupil's sense of justice and a desire for fair play. Obviously the Golden Rule had not been applied to Jean Valjean's case before he met the Bishop. In adapting the story, those passages have been emphasized which picture the man's pitiful state of loneliness on the one hand, and the Bishop's divine friendliness on the other.

The Approach

Teach the class the memory verse, and talk with them about its meaning as they understand it. Make it as concrete as possible. A boy knocks you down. Sometimes it is just for fun, and you don't care; but again, he does it to be mean and it makes you angry. Would you do it to him? What does fair play mean to the children?

Memory Verse

All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them.
Matthew 7:12.

The Silver Candlesticks

The Bishop was called My Lord Welcome because his door was never locked and all were at home in his house who chose to enter. But now his good housekeeper was anxious about that unlocked door. A man had been seen in the streets of the town who was undoubtedly a suspicious and dangerous character. The streets were dark and one could not depend upon the police. Hence it was necessary for wise people to be their own police, bolt and bar their windows, and *lock their doors.*

"We say that this house is not at all safe," continued the servant, "and if my lord permits, I will go to the locksmith at once and have bolts and bars put on. For I say that a door that can be opened from the outside by the first passer-by is most terrible; besides my lord is always used to say 'Come in,' and in the middle of the night, oh my gracious! there is no need to ask permission."

Just then there was a loud rap on the front door.

"Come in," said the Bishop.

The man who entered was not pleasant to look at. He was rough and wild, but his eyes, though bold, were very tired. He began to speak at once in a loud voice.

"Look here! my name is Jean Valjean. I am a galley-slave and have spent nineteen years in prison at hard labor. I was set free four days ago, and have been walking ever since, trying to find a place to work in; but here is my passport. See what there is on it. 'Jean Valjean, a freed convict, has been nineteen years in the galleys. Five years for robbery, fourteen years for having tried to escape four times. The man is very dangerous.' This evening, when I went to the inn, I was driven off. I went to another; it was the same. I went to the prison, and the jailor would not

take me in. I got into a dog's kennel, but the dog bit me and drove me off, as if it had been a man. I went into the fields to sleep in the star-light, but there were no stars; so I came back to town, and was lying down on a stone bench in a doorway, when a good woman pointed to your house, and said, 'Go and knock there.' What sort of a house is this? Do you keep an inn? I will pay. I have money,—twenty-one dollars and ninety-three cents which I earned doing nineteen years hard labor. I am very tired—and frightfully hungry; will you let me stay here?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop to his servant, "you will lay another knife and fork, and put clean sheets on the bed in the alcove."

The servant went out, and the bishop turned to his guest.

"Sit down and warm yourself, sir. We shall have supper directly, and your bed will be got ready while we are eating."

The man's face changed. From being harsh, it was stupefied with joy.

"Is it true? What? You will let me stay? And you call me 'Sir'! 'Get out, dog!' is what I am called. But you are good. I will pay."

"No. Keep your money," said the Bishop.

Madame Magloire came in with another knife and fork and the supper, and they sat down. The table was set with solid silver which glittered on the cloth. The Bishop had given away nearly everything to those who were poor, but he had kept his silver. There were six forks and spoons and a soup ladle, which was very heavy.

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "this lamp gives a very bad light."

Madame understood, and brought two candlesticks,

also of solid silver, with wax candles. The Bishop used these when he had guests.

"Sir," said the man, "you are good and do not look down upon me. You receive me as a friend and light your wax candles for me. And yet I told you who and what I am."

"You need not have told me," said the Bishop. "You are suffering, and hungry and thirsty, and you are welcome."

After supper, My Lord Welcome took up one of the silver candle-sticks and gave the other to his guest, saying,

"I will lead you to your room, sir."

Jean Valjean was so tired that he fell at once into a deep sleep. But in the middle of the night, he awoke. He lay there, thinking over all that had happened to him. When he was a child, his father had died, and he had been brought up by an older sister. Then her husband had died, and Jean had gone to work when he was only seventeen to support his sister and her seven little children. Then there came a time when no work could be found. The children were starving; and in a fit of anger, Jean had smashed a baker's window with his fist and stolen a loaf of bread.

He was arrested next morning. They knew that by his bleeding hand he had done it. For stealing, he was sent to prison.

Four times he tried to escape, and each time more years were added to his sentence. So he served nineteen years for stealing one loaf of bread, and the pay he had got for his hard work was twenty-one dollars and ninety-three cents! And now, he was treated worse than a dog.

They had robbed him. He should have had more money for his work. How could he get it back?

He thought of the Bishop's silver.

It was heavy; it would be worth a good deal. He remembered that it had been put away in a cupboard of the room near by.

So Jean Valjean for the moment forgot the Bishop's goodness. He had been treated so badly, indeed, before he came to the Bishop, that it would take many kind deeds to make him forget the blows and the scorn which other men had given him. He stole the silver, jumped out of his window into the garden, climbed the wall, and was gone. But the candlesticks he did not take.

The next morning, Madame Magloire called to the Bishop in great excitement.

"My lord," she screamed, "do you know where the silver basket is?"

"Yes," said the Bishop.

"The Lord be praised," she continued, "I did not know what had become of it."

The bishop had just picked up the basket from the flower-bed, and now handed it to Madame Magloire. "Here it is," he said.

"Well!" she said, "there is nothing in it; where is the silver?"

"Ah!" said the Bishop, "I do not know where that is."

As he was finishing breakfast, there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the Bishop.

The door opened. There were three men holding a fourth by the collar. The three were police; the fourth was Jean Valjean.

"Ah, there you are," said the Bishop to Jean Valjean. "I am glad to see you. Why did you not take the candlesticks, too, which are also silver, and will bring you forty dollars? Why did you not take them away with the rest of the plate?"

Jean Valjean opened his eyes and looked at the Bishop as if he were just beginning to know him.

"My lord!" said the chief of police. "We met this man, and as he looked as if he were running away, we arrested him. He had this plate, but if you gave it to him—"

The Bishop smiled.

"You made a mistake," he said.

"In that case," said the policeman, "we can let him go."

"Of course," said the Bishop.

The police let go of Jean Valjean, who tottered as if he would fall.

"My friend," said the Bishop, "before you go, take your candlesticks."

He went to the mantelpiece, fetched the two candlesticks, and gave them to Jean Valjean, who took them, but with wandering looks.

"You can go, gentlemen," said the Bishop to the police.

They did so. Jean Valjean looked as if he were about to faint. The Bishop went nearer to him, and said in a low voice,

"Jean Valjean, my brother, never forget that you have promised to use this money in becoming an honest man. You are no longer a convict. You belong to God."

And Jean Valjean never forgot.

(*Adapted from "Les Miserables," by Victor Hugo.*)

Expressional Work

The memory verse is printed for color work.

Home Work

The memory verse is one of the most important of the year, being the Golden Rule, and will bear experimental work in carrying it out during the week, as well as intimate talks between parent and child as to just what it really means. Review the story of Joseph and his Brothers as another example of fair play.

LESSON 40.

CHILDREN OF THE DAY

The Purpose

"SON," said a certain father, "go work to-day in the vineyard." (Matthew 21: 28.)

This lesson teaches the importance of doing our work now, — we are "children of the day", — that the night may not overtake us; and although "the day of the Lord", as Paul calls it in his letter to the Thessalonians, may have reference to the second coming of Christ for which the faithful were looking, it also means being watchful for opportunities.

Memory Verse

Son, go work to-day in the vineyard.
Matthew 21:28.

The Approach

The tendency to put off little duties, not only from one day to another but from one hour to another, appears early. The class can understand this matter from a rich experience. But it is probably a subject to be handled delicately. An exhaustive treatment is not necessary to prepare the minds of the children for the story. Be sympathetic and encouraging. It is so easy, isn't it; but after all, putting things off means not getting anything done; and we all want to do great things. That was the way a certain king felt, in the story I have to tell you.

Three Questions

It once occurred to a certain king, that if he always knew the right time to begin everything; if he knew who were the right people to work with; and above all, if he knew what was the most important thing to do, he would succeed in all that he did and become a great man whom people would never forget.

So he had it proclaimed throughout his kingdom that he would give a rich reward to the man who could give the right answer to these three questions.

Learned men came to the King, but they all answered his questions differently. And as he could not decide which one was right, he thought he would do well to ask a hermit, who lived in the forest, and was said to be a remarkably wise man.

The hermit received none but common folk; so the King put on simple clothes, and before reaching the hermit's cell, dismounted from his horse, and leaving his bodyguard behind, went on alone.

When the King approached, the hermit was digging the ground in front of his hut. Seeing the King, he greeted him and went on digging. The hermit was frail and weak, and each time he stuck his spade into the ground and turned a little earth, he breathed heavily.

The King went up to him, and said,

"I have come to you, wise hermit, to ask you to answer three questions: How shall I know the right time to do a thing? With whom must I work to do it? What is the right thing to do?"

The hermit listened to the King, but made no answer. He took up his spade and went on digging.

"You are tired," said the King, "let me take the spade and work awhile for you."

"Thanks!" said the hermit; and giving the spade to the King, he sat down upon the ground.

When he had dug two beds, the King stopped, and repeated his questions. The hermit again gave no answer, but rose, stretched out his hand for the spade, and said:

"Now rest awhile—and let me work a bit."

But the King did not give him the spade; instead he continued to dig. One hour passed, and another. The sun began to sink behind the trees, and the King at last stuck the spade into the ground, and said:

"I came to you, wise man, for an answer to my questions. If you can give me none, tell me so, and I will return home."

"Here comes some one running," said the hermit, "let us see who it is."

The King turned round and saw a bearded man come running out of the wood. The man held his hands pressed against his side, and the blood was flowing from under them. When he reached the King, he fell fainting on the ground, moaning feebly. The King and the hermit unfastened the man's clothing. There was a large wound in his side. The King washed it as best he could, and bandaged it with his handkerchief and with a towel the hermit had. But the blood would not stop flowing, and the King again and again removed the bandage, and washed and rebandaged the wound. When at last the blood ceased flowing, the man revived and asked for something to drink. The King brought fresh water and gave it to him. Meanwhile the sun had set, and it had become cool. So the King with the hermit's help, carried the wounded man into the hut and laid him on the bed. The man closed his eyes and was quiet; but the King was so tired with his walk and with the work he had done, that he crouched down on the threshold, and also fell asleep—so soundly that he slept all through the short summer

night. When he awoke in the morning, it was long before he could remember where he was, or who was the strange bearded man lying on the bed and gazing intently at him with shining eyes.

"Forgive me!" said the bearded man, in a weak voice, when he saw that the King was awake and was looking at him.

"I do not know you, and have nothing to forgive," said the King.

"You do not know me, but I know you. I am that enemy of yours, who swore to revenge himself on you, because you executed his brother and seized his property. I knew you had gone alone to see the hermit, and I resolved to kill you on your way back. But the day passed and you did not return. So I came out from my hiding-place to find you, and I came upon your bodyguard, and they recognized me, and wounded me. I escaped from them, but should have bled to death had you not dressed my wound. I wished to kill you, and you have saved my life. Now, if I live, and if you wish it, I will serve you faithfully and bid my sons do the same. Forgive me!"

The King was very glad to have made peace with his enemy so easily, and to have gained him for a friend, and he not only forgave him, but said he would send his own servants and his physician to attend him, and promised to restore his property.

Having taken leave of the wounded man, the King went out into the porch and looked for the hermit. Before going away, he wished once more to beg an answer to the questions he had put. The hermit was outside, on his knees, sowing seeds in the beds that had been dug the day before.

The King approached him, and said:

"For the last time, I pray you to answer my questions, wise man."

"You have already been answered!" said the hermit, still crouching on his thin legs, and looking up at the King, who stood before him.

"What do you mean?" asked the King.

"Do you not see?" replied the hermit. "If you had not been sorry for me yesterday, and had not dug these beds for me, but had gone your way, that man would have attacked you, and you would have regretted not having stayed with me. So the most important time was when you were digging the beds; and I was the most important man; and to do me good was your most important business. Afterwards, when that man came running to you, the most important time was when you were attending to him, for if you had not bound up his wounds, he would have died without having made peace with you. So he was the most important man, and what you did for him was your most important business. Remember then: The man with whom you should work is he with whom you are; the most important thing is to do him good; and there is only one time that is important—Now!"*

The story of the King ends here; but I think we can imagine what he did when he went out of the wood. It was a beautiful morning, and the King as glad. He saw his castle standing on the hill, and the sunlight flashed on the windows of its towers, and the fresh wind caught the banners floating from their summits. He had the day before him, in which to do great things. He felt himself to be a child of the day, a son of the morning. He would do good to others, to his mother and sisters, the servants of his castle,

* Adapted from *Twenty-Three Tales* by Count Leo Tolstoi, translated by L. and A. Maude.

the people of the village; he would work with them; and he would begin at once. He never forgot his visit to the hermit, and that word "Now".

Expressional Work

The last verse of Theodore Chickering Williams' hymn, "The Armor of Light," is printed on the pupil's leaf, with a border and ornamental capital. The teacher will recall that this is part of the required memory-work for the year.

"O the ancient earth is calling
For such life as thine may be!
Ages gone were stumbling, falling,
Toward the light thine eyes shall see.
Though the old, heroic story
Glow with noble deed sublime,
There shall be a greater glory
In the coming, golden time.

"Gird thee, gird thee, O my brother,
We will march in close array,
Trusting God and in each other,
We are children of the day."

Home Work

"The Armor of Light" is No. 540 in *The Hymn and Tune Book*, published by the American Unitarian Association, 1914.

Another parable illustrating this thought is "The White Flower," in *The Beacon* for May 2, 1915. (Vol. V, No. 31). The story "Polly's Sky-Rockets," by Harriet Street Downes, is a splendid lesson in the importance of doing our work *now*. It was published in *St. Nicholas* for July, 1915.

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